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# Daily Mirror

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**GIANT TELESCOPE**  
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"Daily Mirror," 2, Carme-  
lite Street, E.C.

See page 10.

No. 256.

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MONDAY, AUGUST 29, 1904.

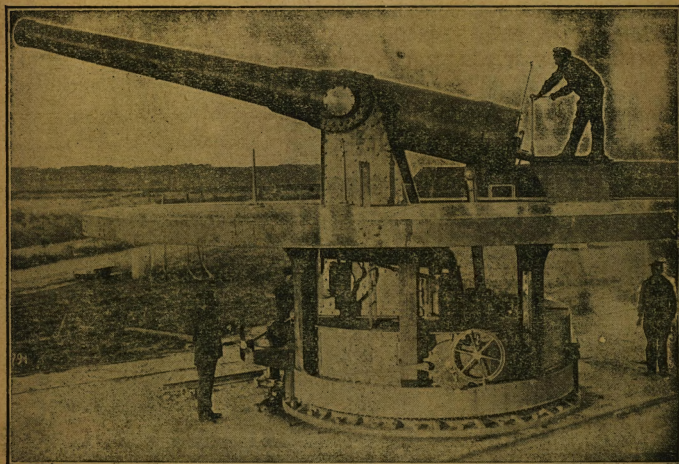
One Halfpenny.

## JAPANESE STORMING THE RUSSIAN CITADEL AT PORT ARTHUR.

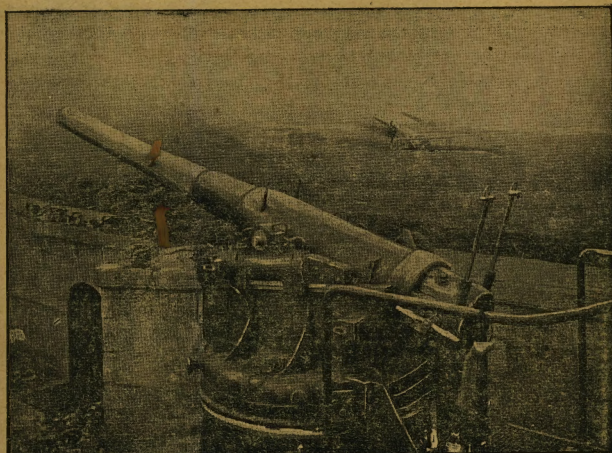


The Japanese troops have now captured the outlying series of fortifications at Port Arthur. They also hold the parade ground, and are preparing the final great assault which they aver must end in successful storming or a complete surrender of the garrison and fortress. Meanwhile, the Russians still hold Golden Hill Fort and the fort on the Tiger's Tail Promontory; they also hold the citadel on Anthusan, on the north-west of the town, where some desperate fighting has taken place. This picture illustrates the Japanese storming the Antushan Fort. Drawn from particulars supplied by war correspondents.

## WEAPONS OF ATTACK AND DEFENCE AT PORT ARTHUR.



One of the Japanese siege guns now firing on Port Arthur. It is a powerful weapon, and is so ingeniously constructed that the moment a projectile has been discharged the gun slides down on the lower platform, where it is safe from attack by the enemy.



This is one of the Russian siege guns in one of the forts on the inner line of fortifications at Port Arthur. There are many powerful machines of this type in the forts, which have yet to fall into the hands of the Japanese.



## BIRTHS.

**DAIZIEL.**—On the 26th inst., at 24, Coates-gardens, Edinburgh, the wife of Frank Daiziel, a daughter.  
**EVELYN.**—Mrs. John Evelyn, of Wotton, gave birth to a son on Thursday, 25th, at 117, Park-street. Both are going on well.  
**MARY.**—On August 26, at "Greenbridge," Haver-road, Bromley, Kent, the wife of Chas. A. Mary, of a daughter.  
**MURRAY.**—On August 26, at Hillywell, Newquay, Cornwall, the wife of Major A. E. Murray, 2nd V.B.I.O.L.I., of a daughter.  
**SWAIN.**—On August 26, at 4, Victoria-square, Clifton, Bristol, the wife of James Swain, M.A., M.D. Lond., F.R.C.S., of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

**BARNES-OLDING.**—On August 26, at St. Alban's, Stratham Park, S.W., by the Rev. R. G. B. Lilly, Walter Sidney Barnes, Solicitor, to Adeline E. Olding, only daughter of the late Mr. J. Olding, of Cleveland House, Upper Tooting, and Mrs. Adeline Olding, of 99, Strathbourne-road, S.W.  
**HOPKINS-WOOD.**—On the 25th inst., at All Saints', Elmhouse-gardens, by the Rev. Henry Gordon Hopkins, vicar of Eltham, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Ven. the Archdeacon of Westminster, and the Rev. Augustus Harrison Simon, rector of Vauxhall, James Francis Gordon Hopkins, of Cairo, to Ellen, only daughter of Charles W. W. Wood, Esq., of 65, Prince's-gate.  
**JACKSON-SMALLEY.**—On the 25th inst., at St. Martin's Church, Clacton, Lancs., by the Rev. J. C. Saunders, M.A., rector of Folkestone, Peterborough, assisted by the Rev. W. H. Howlett, M.A., head master of Bury Grammar School, and the Rev. E. Reed, M.A., vicar of the parish, Henry Jackson, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Downing College, Cambridge, and only son of the late James Jackson, of Heywood, to Edith Margaret, second daughter of Mr. Joseph Smalley, Norton Grange, Clacton.  
**MACKINNON-HENDERSON.**—On August 26, at the West Parish Church, Aberdeen, by the Rev. Andrew Brown, M.A., assisted by the Rev. Principal Lang, D.D., Arthur H. L. Mackinnon, Architect, to Eliza Thomson, eldest daughter of John Henderson, Manager, North of Scotland Bank, Aberdeen.  
**NICHOLSON-PATON.**—On August 26, at Christ Church, Clifton, Frederick Dering Nicholson, M.B., of Framingham, Suffolk, second son of Sir Frederick Nicholson, K.C.I.E., to Jessie Mary, youngest daughter of the late H. W. Pearson, Esq., M.I.C.E., of Woodland House, Clifton.

## DEATHS.

**MCCULLOCH.**—On August 26, at his residence, Dudley House, Blundellsands, Liverpool, Sarah McCulloch, widow of the late Alex. McCulloch, interment at Anfield Cemetery, to-day, at four o'clock. Kindly accept this the only intimation. No flowers, by special request.  
**NORTHCOTE.**—On the 26th inst., Isabella Northcote, widow of Charles James Northcote, of Harefield, Bucks-road, Forest Hill, E.C., passed peacefully away after a short illness. No cards. Friends kindly accept this the only intimation. R.I.P. Colonial papers, please copy.  
**PAYTEN.**—On the 26th inst., at 30, Grosvenor-road, Highgate-road, Nathaniel Henry, third surviving son of the late Henry Payten, of Sunderland, and formerly of King's Lynn.  
**ROBERTS.**—On the 26th, at 92, Philbeach-garden, Earl's Court, Colonel Edward Roberts, C.B., late Chief Postmaster Southern District.  
**STEPHENS.**—On August 26, at Leighton Buzzard, Charles Stephens, eldest son of William Richard Stephens, of Grange-road, Eastbourne, and late of Blackheath, aged forty-nine.

## PERSONAL.

**DOUGLAS.**—Jimmie safe and going strong. I will endeavour to keep him good. Affectionate regards.—TUM.  
**PATER.**—Said good-bye long ago. No faith left in you. Time does not heal everything, some wounds never heal—CRIPPLE.  
**LILLIAN.**—This has been a very trying time, but am happy to say he who will assist us on the great day is now returning. This will relieve tension. Do not be too energetic. All love.  
**V.**—Either your future relative is left altogether out of the fun or he is deserted. And they will call him his "happy man." Such are life's little ironies. But your sympathy will probably be withheld. Kissmet.—POMEROY.

\*. The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 6 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 3d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 5s., and 6d. per word after—Address Advertiser-Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carnelite-st., London.

## THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

**CRITERION THEATRE.**—Lessee, Sir Chas Wyndham, Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon.—On THURSDAY, September 1, at 8.30, Miss ADA REEVE will produce WINNIE BROOKE, WINNIE. Box Office 10 till 6.  
**IMPERIAL.**—MR. LEWIS WALLER. THURSDAY NEXT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30. FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY, September 10, at 2.30. MISS ELIZABETH PIERSON. Box Office open 10 to 5. Tele. 3193 Gerrard.

**SHAFTESBURY.**—EVERY EVENING at 8.15. Mr. Henry W. Savage's American Co. in THE PRINCE OF PLEASANT. MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10.

**SHAKESPEARE THEATRE,** Clapham Junction.—NIGHTLY at 7.45, MATINEE WEDNESDAY at 2.30. FRED KARNOW COMPANY in "SATURDAY TO MONDAY."—Box Office 10 to 10. Phone, 41 Bitternes.

**THE OXFORD.**—R. G. KNOWLES. The successful Eastern Extravaganza, THE BELLES OF THE ORIENT, with Mrs. BLAINE RAVENBERG and Co. in new sketch, THE MAID AND THE BRIGAND. Margaret Ashton, Norman French, Tom Costello, Will Evans, Millie Lindon, T. E. Dunville, JOE ELVIN in THE WRONG HOUSE, and other stars. Open 7.25. Box Office open 11 to 5. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30. Phone 5934 Gerrard. Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—TO-DAY. CAPE CHANTANT at 3.0 and 7.0. International Sports and Fests Edition. Military Bands. Far East War Pictures. Maxim's Flying Machine. Poppy Ferry Railway. Water Chute. Rapid. BROCK'S FIREWORKS EVERY THURSDAY and SATURDAY. Table d'hôte luncheons and dinners in the New Dining Room overlooking the grounds and Firework Display. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—WORLD'S CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS. Under patronage of H.M. the KING and T.R.H. PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES. NEXT SATURDAY, Sept. 3rd, also 5th and 10th, at 3.0. Numbered seats (including admission to Palace, 5s., and 2s. 6d.; without admission, 5s. and 2s. 6d. Thousands can see without extra charge.

**PROMENADE CONCERTS.**—QUEEN'S HALL. EVERY EVENING, at 8. Queen's Hall Orchestra. Conductor—Mr. Henry J. Wood. Tickets, 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s., usual agents, Chappell's, Queen's Hall box-office, Queen's Hall Orchestra (Ltd.), 350, Regent street. ROBERT NEWMAN, Manager.

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### Beautiful CAMERA

### Developing & Printing Outfit

Which is Sold to Advertise the "Daily Mirror" for

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2 Dishes, Develop and Fix.  
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# AFTER TO-MORROW NIGHT,

# BUT

AT MIDNIGHT the PRIZE COMPETITION for Photos WILL CLOSE. Send Photos addressed "PHOTO COMPETITION," the "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W., to reach there not later than MIDNIGHT, TO-MORROW (TUESDAY), August 30th.

# £25

## FOR A PHOTO.

Watch for the Particulars of this Competition. If you have not a Camera buy a "Daily Mirror" CAMERA

# TO-DAY:

See these CAMERAS and OUTFITS at the "Daily Mirror" Offices, 2, Carnelite Street, E.C., 45, New Bond Street, W., or the "Daily Mirror" Stall, Western Arcade, Earl's Court Exhibition.



## PORT ARTHUR.

### Premature Reports of Its Capture.

#### FIGHTING CONTINUES.

### Task Proves Tougher Than Was Thought.

#### BATTLE IN MANCHURIA.

This morning's news hardly bears out the idea that the Russians are making their last stand at Port Arthur.

Certainly there is nothing to justify the view that the fall of the fortress is much more "imminent" than it was a day or two ago.

The Japanese are gaining ground, but it is a terribly slow and expensive process.

It is evident that the capture of the fortress is a tougher task than was at first thought.

It must be remembered that there is not one, but many, positions to be taken. After the capture of a fort the Japanese often find it untenable, and have to evacuate it after doing their best to render the fortifications useless to the enemy.

There is still heavy fighting and terrible sacrifice of life to be faced before the citadel falls into their hands.

Meanwhile there has been a great battle in Manchuria, General Kuropatkin being forced from two important positions by General Kuroki's army.

It was reported on Saturday that Port Arthur had fallen. The report was disbelieved because so many similar rumours had proved untrue. But the more sober accounts of the capture of the inner series of fortifications were generally credited, and it was believed that the fall of the citadel might be expected at any moment.

The facts do not seem to bear out this story. It was said, for example, that "the Japanese hold the parade ground." Such a position would certainly not long be tenable, exposed, as it would be, to an irresistibly furious fire. The statements in the few telegrams to hand are far too vague for the foundation of a theory that only a great rush on the part of the attackers is needed to complete the work of the Japanese.

Only by hard and systematic fighting can this awkward nut be cracked, and the news of final victory seems little nearer than it was last week.

#### A HILL OF SANDBAGS

Some idea of the difficulties of the undertaking may be gathered from a Reuter special telegram from Chifu, dated yesterday, which states that the Japanese attack on Port Arthur on the night of the 28th resulted in the capture of the Poyodeo Fort, midway between Takushan and the eastern defences.

The Japanese have reduced another fort immediately east of the railway, but have not occupied it, as it is situated behind a moat, which the Japanese have hitherto in no instance been able to cross. An intelligent Chinaman who was in Port Arthur from the 21st inst. to the 24th believes that the Russians will successfully resist the besiegers for some time yet. In the attempt to occupy Ithan, the Japanese, with tremendous labour, raised the summit of the smaller hill behind Ithan to a level with that eminence by means of sandbags, and mounted guns on it.

It is obvious that the Japanese expect to enter Port Arthur from the north.

The Japanese line on the west is approximately three and a half miles from the European new town. The strength of the garrison is estimated at 15,000 effective men.

On the 23rd the Russians captured four Japanese spies within the fortress and shot them. The lack of vegetables is severely felt by the garrison.

#### JAPANESE PUBLIC DISAPPOINTED.

A Reuter dispatch from Tokio states that Port Arthur is proving harder to be reduced and captured than the general Japanese public expected.

The nation has confidently awaited the fall of the town every day for the past month, and is disappointed at the delay, and expresses regret at the losses suffered. The Japanese are, however, unwavering in their grim determination to hammer and harass the fortress until its falls.

The nation is courageously prepared to pay the cost, however heavy.

A wounded officer who has returned to Tokio speaks of the occupation of Takushan and Siao-kushan. On the 9th the Russians endeavoured to retake these positions, and made a desperate night assault, but were repulsed. Their artillery mistook the retreating Russians for Japanese and fired on them.

On the night of the 13th a desperate encounter took place near Yata-shan, the Russian and

Japanese lines closing and using bayonets in a midnight fight. The Japanese after some days of fighting, succeeded in occupying Yata-shan.

#### BATTLE NEAR LIAO-YANG.

Kuropatkin Forced, with Heavy Loss, from Two Positions.

Severe fighting has taken place near Liao-yang. It began on Thursday and ended on Saturday, the result being that General Kuropatkin was driven from two positions by Kuroki's forces.

Losses were considerable on both sides, the Russians admitting that they lost 1,450 in Saturday's fighting. Bayonets were freely used, and about 1,000 Russians were disposed of by this means.

Some remarkable escapes are reported. One Russian sub-lieutenant had his horse cut in two by a shell, while he himself was unharmed.

The fighting around Liao-yang is regarded here as preliminary to a larger contest in the immediate neighbourhood of the town.

It is expected that Generals Oku, Kuroki, and Nodzu will speedily press the attack home.

Marshal Oyama will be in supreme control, and the Japanese are confident that this veteran "organizer of victory" will inflict a severe defeat on Kuropatkin.

#### "RUSSIA WILL NEVER YIELD!"

Englishman Who Has Become an Ultra-Russian Patriot.

An English engineer has just arrived in London after a residence of a quarter of a century in Russia.

"Russia has not been living in a fool's paradise," he said to a *Mirror* representative. "She did not expect war in the East, and was not ready for it; but," said he, forgetting his English origin, "we will crush them with numbers and with time."

"We are fighting Japan with recruits and reserves. There is not a single crack regiment in the Far East. England is at the bottom of the Eastern trouble, but whatever comes or goes we'll fight to the last man. Give in to arbitration—never!"

"The Russian soldier is the hardest fighter in the world. He can stand up against anything, and lives contentedly on a crust of rye bread, cabbage, and cucumbers, and occasionally gets a little beef."

"There is no trouble with the reserves. Efficient corps are ready to go east at a moment's notice. There are millions of men to call up before the standing army is touched. What a contrast to England military resources! Recall her difficulty to scrape together 10,000 Yeomanry for South Africa."

#### EIGHTY-TWO IN THE SHADE.

Summer Returned Yesterday to Delight Holiday Makers.

It was so warm yesterday that people again began to talk about heat waves. The shade temperature was 82deg., which has only been exceeded this year in the middle of July once and during the first five days of August.

In the sun yesterday it reached 131deg., and last Wednesday it lay down at 63deg., and on Saturday it was only 70deg.

Yesterday everybody resolved to make the most of the fresh outburst of summer.

"Next Sunday may come a frost," remarked a gentleman sententiously, on a river steamer, remembering his Shakespeare in spite of the heat.

All the devices by which people leave off most of their clothing were resorted to. Men wore waistcoats and women wore their flimsiest pneumonia blouses.

Even in the evening it continued very hot, which is unusual at the end of August.

#### BECK TO BE ARRESTED?

In dealing with some of the many phases of the Beck case in yesterday's "Referee," Mr. G. R. Sims states that over forty cases have been forwarded to him by friends and relatives of the alleged victim of a miscarriage of justice.

The following extract is quoted from the "London Letter" in the "Leeds Mercury" of August 26:—

"I hear from a reliable source that the secret of delay in dealing with Beck's appeal is that an attempt is being made by Scotland Yard officials to connect Beck indirectly with the Smith frauds." "What!" exclaims Mr. Sims, "Are they going to arrest Adolf Beck as John Smith again! I had with two King's Pardon in his pocket. I thought I had got past surprises in the Beck case, but this intelligence absolutely astounds me."

#### MURDERED FOR HER GOLD.

An important fact was ascertained yesterday showing the motive for the murder of Mrs. Westwell, the aged widow of a schoolmaster, who was found dead in her cottage at Accrington last Thursday.

It transpired that the murdered lady always carried her gold in a long purse made out of a stocking, and which was pinned to her skirt. This purse was missing when her body was found.

## ALONE ON A REEF.

### Wrecked Sailors Lost in the Red Sea.

The first part of a dramatic story of shipwreck on a desolate island is told in a cable message from Suez.

On Saturday the steamer *Prome* arrived at that port with eight survivors from the *Baron Innersdale*. These men were picked up on a lonely reef near the Kuria Muria Islands.

The story told by the survivors points to a tragic sequel, which the sea may never tell.

Only two miles from the port of Aden, the Kuria Muria Islands are situated near an unfrequented part of the Arabian coast. They are out of the usual track of shipping, and useful only as the landing point of the Red Sea cable.

The hopeless position of the shipwrecked crew, stranded on a reef in this forsaken spot, was apparent to their captain from the first. He therefore determined to take the two ship's boats, and as many of his men as they would hold, and make for the nearest port on the mainland.

On August 6 this plan was put into execution. Leaving the eight men who have been saved with an ample store of food and water, the captain bravely went off in search of assistance in his two little cockshells.

More than three weeks have elapsed since then, but nothing has been heard of the boats of the *Baron Innersdale*. The period is so long that it is hardly possible to doubt that the adventure has had a tragic ending.

It is, unfortunately, a period of the year when the waters of the Indian Ocean are lashed to sudden fury by the blast of the monsoon wind. In such a storm an open boat could not live for five minutes.

It may be, on the other hand, that the boats have effected a landing on some unfrequented part of the Arabian coast, and that the crew are now making their way to safety by land.

The *Baron Innersdale* was a steel screw steamer of 3,344 tons, owned by the Hogarth Shipping Company, and commanded by Captain J. Blair.

#### WORLD'S BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP.

### The Irresistible Jeffries Wins After Five Minutes' Fighting.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday.

The fight between Jeffries and Munroe for the heavy-weight championship of the world took place here last night, Jeffries beating his opponent easily in two rounds after a contest lasting less than five minutes.

Very soon after the start it became evident that Jeffries was much the better man. Munroe, who looked scared and awkward, made a sorry display altogether, being knocked down twice in the first round.

Forty-five seconds after the gong had sounded for the second round Munroe was again lying on the canvas with Jeffries standing over him ready to give the knock-out blow. He did not rise, however, and was counted out.

Getting on his feet immediately afterwards, Munroe, who evidently did not realise the situation, was received with a terrific blow on the jaw. The referee then ordered Jeffries out of the ring, awarding him the fight and the championship.

Munroe protested, but was jeered at by the spectators.

There was but little betting, though the fight was witnessed by 8,000 persons.—*Reuter's Special.*

#### ARCHBISHOP IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK, Sunday.

Dr. Randall Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, arrived on the *ss. Celtic* yesterday, and was received by Bishop Potter, Bishop of New York, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

The Rev. John Elliston, chaplain to the Archbishop, said on behalf of his Grace that he had come to attend a general convention of the Episcopal Church. He had no ecumenical mission, nor had he any proposition of an inter-church character to advance.

A special train conveyed the party to Quebec, where Dr. Davidson will preach at the centenary of the consecration of the cathedral. His grace will visit Montreal and Toronto, and will probably meet President Roosevelt later.—*Reuter.*

#### CHILDREN BLINDED BY VITRIOL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.

A Paris band of evildoers has devoted itself to the awful pursuit of pouring vitriol on the faces of little children.

Near the Faubourg de Temple a little boy was so served on Saturday. Half-blinded, his cries brought him help, and at a neighbouring chemist's shop it was found that his face was burned all over.

At six o'clock on the same day a little girl was served in the same way, and it is feared that her sight is destroyed.

Lord Inverclyde and Mr. Ballin, the heads of the fighting forces in the Atlantic sea war, will meet at Frankfurt-to-day for a second conference to discuss the matters at issue.

## LIVES LOST FOR TRIFLES.

### Two Girls Court Death in a Fire.

#### BICYCLE AND RING.

Two lives were lost under peculiarly distressing circumstances in a fire at Crouch End on Saturday. Both the victims were young girls, and both met their deaths in returning to the burning building to secure articles of purely personal value which they had left behind.

One of them, Nancy Newton, aged twenty-two, an assistant at the establishment of Messrs. Morley and Co., in Toppfield-parade, where the fire occurred, was attempting to rescue her bicycle; the other, Ida Woods, aged twenty, who was employed as a servant, went back for her engagement ring.

But while these two lives were being so pitifully thrown away neither firemen, police, nor curious spectators were aware that anyone remained within the blazing building. The girls had been seen in safety once, and no one dreamt of the fate which had befallen them. Only three hours later, when some friends of one of the girls arrived, was any inquiry made. A search followed, and on the first floor of No. 41, where the fire originated, the bodies of the two girls were found lying side by side. Close to them lay Miss Newton's bicycle.

#### MERCIFUL DEATH.

It was evident that they must have been forced to retreat to the dining room, where their bodies were discovered, through finding their retreat by way of the staircase cut off by the flames. Though their faces were blackened and scorched, there is good reason to believe that they met with merciful deaths from asphyxiation.

Miss Newton was a native of Kenilworth, while Ida Woods came from Basingbourne, Cambridgeshire. Their bodies were removed to the mortuary in High-street, Hornsey.

When the first alarm of the outbreak was given about five o'clock in the afternoon the street was crowded with shoppers. The fire spread with appalling swiftness, and in half an hour both of the shops—Nos. 41 and 42, Toppfield-parade—which comprised Messrs. Morley's premises, were aflame from top to bottom, the mantles and drapery in the shops being slight from above.

The adjoining premises, occupied by Mr. Hildyard, a jeweller, caught from the roof and burned downwards, in spite of tons of water directed on it from dozens of hoses.

Superintendent Holland, of the Hornsey Central Station, was struck on the right hand by falling plate-glass, which severed an artery. But, after a doctor had stitched up and bandaged the wound, he pluckily returned to his post.

#### MOTHER'S DEVOTION.

### Killed in Trying to Save Her Child from Death.

Devotion to her child has cost Mrs. Allan Smith, wife of a Scotch railway overseer, her life.

She was crossing the railway between Comrie and St. Fillans, Perthshire, on Saturday afternoon, and was accompanied by her little girl, about three years of age.

Whilst she was engaged in talking to a vanman Mrs. Smith noticed her youngest child, twenty months old, also coming across the railway, and hearing an express train coming up from Crieff, rushed back to rescue the child.

Unhappily she was too late, for no sooner had she reached the straying little one than they were both struck down by the engine and instantaneously killed. Mrs. Smith was only twenty-seven years of age.

#### FREE BICYCLE FOR FOLKESTONE.

To-morrow is Folkestone Regatta day. The public will have an opportunity of obtaining a free *Mirror* free-wheel bicycle. It will be ridden through the streets of the town, keeping as far as possible upon the front, and it will be marked in such a manner that it will be impossible to make any mistake as between the *Mirror* machine and other bicycles.

It will become the property of the person who first claims it. One indispensable condition is that the claimant shall carry a copy of to-morrow's *Mirror*.

#### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Easterly to southerly breezes; fine and very warm inland; thunder in the south-west.

Lighting-up time: 7.51 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth to moderate generally.



## RACING THROUGH WAVES.

### Motor Boat's Wild Dash Down the Channel.

#### A PASSENGER'S EXPERIENCE

As Mr. S. F. Edge has placed his motor-boats at the disposal of the Admiralty for the coming manœuvres, a *Mirror* representative went on a trial run on Saturday to see what these tiny grey-hounds of the sea could do.

The boat selected was the Napier Minor—the small 35ft. boat that gave such a splendid exhibition of speed in the international Dover to Calais race.

At nine o'clock in the morning she slipped quietly out of Dover Harbour, and, sweeping sharp round to the west, started for St. Leonards. On board were Mr. Evans, who has charge of Mr. Edge's marine motors; the boatman, and the *Mirror* representative, who was a supernumerary.

Hardly before one was aware of it, the Dover Pier was hidden in a cloud of spray, for the Napier Minor was dashing straight into the teeth of a twenty-mile-an-hour wind at twenty-three miles an hour.

But she was not to be daunted by trifles. The only difference the wind and a nasty choppy sea made was that it was very uncomfortable for those on board. The effect was like riding on the front of an express train, and as the boat cut through the tops of the waves the spray smothered her from stem to stern.

#### Flying Through the Seas.

Climbing over one wave, then perhaps balanced bow and stern on two, and flinging herself with a crash into another, flooded from bow to stern with the flying spray, which hid her as securely from sight as though she had been under the waves themselves, she swept on to Dungeness.

On a sea covered with breakers she was merely one more. As a mark for a gun she would have been impossible—even if the marksman knew which wave it was that hid her.

Up to Dungeness it was play—so said Mr. Evans—but round the point the sea came with doubled force. This was the Napier Minor's opportunity to show herself as a sea boat. The pace kept on just the same. She flung herself at wave after wave, throwing up mountains of water which swept right over her.

She seemed more like a torpedo than a boat. Right across the open bay, then round the next headland, into still worse sea and weather, to the end of the first stage of the trip—Hastings.

At the St. Leonards pier she delivered her message—by means of a trumpet—then swept round in a circle and dashed off again at headlong speed by the way she had come.

#### Faster than the Wind.

Running with the wind and waves was quite a different business. There was no longer the perpetual pounding of heavy seas. A fearful, swift, gliding motion had taken its place, for she was travelling faster than either the wind itself or the waves, and faster than she had done before.

As she slid down the side of a wave, only to plunge her bows into the next one, two waves of green water spread beside her like a fan, leaving her perfectly dry. Thus she flew, seeming the embodiment of speed.

At Rye, which came all too quickly, a message was delivered through an enormous megaphone, the answer received, and the Napier Minor scudded off once more.

From Rye to Dungeness she raced through a cross sea, but once past Dungeness on the way back it was all sun and speed.

#### Startling the Sailors.

But now there were sailing vessels to be taken count of. Zigzagging down the bay she overtook first one and then another, while the crews stared in wonder at the rushing wave which swept up to them, and away again before they had grasped what it meant.

The white Dover cliffs were showing now, and in a few minutes the harbour came in sight. The Napier Minor dodged round the end of the breakwater, and her trip was over.

She had travelled over 100 miles, had performed three duties, and had taken seven hours. It was a wonderful performance.

The engine had never once stopped running and had received no attention.

On a steamboat of the same power at least three men would have been necessary to attend to the engines alone. The engines would have weighed over two tons. The Napier Minor does not weigh two tons all told.

On the Napier Minor one man was able to do everything on board; a crew of two is an unnecessary luxury. The steamer would have been a mark for every gun; the petrol-boat was practically invisible.

## HOLBEIN STILL HOPEFUL.

### Practising at Margate for Another Attempt.

Mr. Montague Holbein has by no means abandoned all hope of swimming across the Channel this year.

He intends to devote the coming week to training for the great effort which, if weather conditions are favourable, he will make during the next neap tides.

The *Mirror* swimmer has again chosen Margate as his training ground, and to-day will proceed thither by the steamer Royal Sovereign. While in Margate he will occupy his old quarters at the Cinque Ports Hotel.

It is Mr. Holbein's intention during the week to thoroughly test the varying temperatures and currents of the Channel in order that nothing may be lacking to the success of his next attempt.

He will indulge in no long swims until next Saturday, when he will probably remain in the water from four to six hours.

Both M. Burgesse, the French swimmer, whose appearance surprised everybody during the last swim, and Mr. Weidmann, still adhere to their expressed intention of starting across the Channel when Holbein sets out upon his next attempt.

Yesterday Mr. Weidmann swam at Dover, his intention being to cover a distance of thirty miles.

Swimming with a very fast breast stroke, Weidmann started off Dungeness a little before ten in the morning, and stayed in the water until four in the afternoon, when he was off Folkestone, having covered about twenty miles. The temperature of the water varied between 58deg and 64deg.

An amusing incident marked the beginning of the swim. The command, unable to see Weidmann's tug clearly through the mist, mistook it for the boat of a shipwrecked crew and pulled out to its assistance.

## STARVING SCHOOL CHILDREN.

### Trafalgar Square Demonstration in Favour of Free Meals.

In Trafalgar-square yesterday afternoon some fifty gorgeous banners fluttered gaily over a crowd demonstrating under the auspices of the Social Democratic Federation in favour of State Maintenance for Children.

The resolution asserted that many thousands of children attend school too faint from hunger to learn—the actual number, according to one speaker, being 110,000.

"It is a blot on the national escutcheon," declared one orator. "Learn to think impartially; why, it's a wonder the children can learn to think at all."

Most of the speeches wanted the introduction of the principle of one meal a day for all children in the State schools. Having got that, they asserted it was their intention, like Oliver Twist, to ask for more.

Finally, we were to have State-provided clothes and cottages.

Mr. Chamberlain, held by some to be the chief of all the sinners in this matter, was declared by others to be on the side of the demonstrators, "because he wants men to run the Empire."

The vendor of newspapers printed in Yiddish and Russian was doing a fair trade among the crowd, a circumstance which shows that the alien soon learns to take a place in British politics.

At the close of the meeting a resolution in favour of State maintenance was duly passed, and the crowd quietly dispersed.

## SHOT HIMSELF THROUGH LOVE.

### Strange Duel Said To Have Caused Lover's Suicide.

A mysterious love tragedy has shocked the dwellers in Comberton Hall, Kidderminster.

As Heinrich Lang, a young and well-to-do Austrian gentleman who was visiting there, did not come down to breakfast as usual on Saturday morning, the door of his bedroom was forced.

Then his body was discovered, shot through the heart with a revolver, which lay close by the dead man's hand.

Letters in his room point to a sad love affair as the cause, and the coroner's inquest, which was held on Saturday afternoon, was adjourned to allow these letters, which were in German, to be translated.

But it is rumoured that the unhappy man met his self-inflicted death in a species of duel. He is said while in Vienna to have quarrelled with another man over a girl, and instead of fighting his rival in the ordinary fashion, to have drawn lots as to which of the two should shoot himself.

The dead man is said to be the son of an eminent literary man living in Vienna.

The two adventurous voyagers, Messrs. Langford and Napper, who left Brighton in a koft, sailing boat for North Australia on Saturday week, arrived at Falmouth yesterday. They had been delayed by calms and fog.

## THE DUKE'S PIG.

### His Grace the Duke of Devonshire Indulges in Reminiscence.

The Duke of Devonshire was in an interestingly reminiscent mood in addressing the Farmers' Society at Skipton on Saturday.

His Grace recalled the intense pride with which, as a boy, more than fifty years ago, he achieved the honour of receiving 10s. as second prize for a pig at the show of a Lancashire agricultural society. Looking back fifty years, the Duke said, on reference to the game-book, kept for nearly a hundred years at Bolton Abbey, he found that it was not fifty, but fifty-seven years since the first time he went to Bolton Abbey.

"I am afraid," he said, "that the occasions upon which I shall still be able to visit or walk over your beautiful moorlands are now somewhat curtailed; but I suppose I ought not to complain, for I imagine that it is not allotted to a great many to be able to go out grouse-shooting at all at the age of seventy-one."

Referring to agricultural depression, the Duke said in ordinary cases of industrial depression one of the first symptoms was want of employment.

But in Derbyshire, and no doubt it would be the same in Yorkshire, one of the chief difficulties of the farmer was a want of labourers, and especially good labourers.

He attributed much of the migration to the towns in recent times to the imperfect system of education, which had been directed rather to preparing children to become clerks or shop assistants than good, useful agricultural labourers, and in the case of the girls they had been led to think that they would be better and happier as dressmakers or waitresses than as dairymaids or useful housewives. He asked the farmers not to expect that any statesman or any Parliament would ever work a miracle for them by measures like tariff reform. Providence helped those who helped themselves.

## BEAUTIES OF THE WASH-TUB.

### Battersea Laundry Girls Submit to a Judgment of Paris.

Battersea was awakened bright and early on Saturday morning. It was the busiest day of the girls of Spicers and Pond's laundry, an event which in Battersea can never escape notice.

As early as 6.30 barrel-organs were churning out popular melodies, and gay cries were heard in the street, and by eight o'clock a dancing crowd had gathered outside the laundry in Alexandra-road.

There were 300 girls, who were going to the festivities at Thornwood, Epping Forest; there were their admiring friends, relatives, and lovers, who had come to see them off; there were sixty men employees, and the policemen who went to keep order.

On nearly every girl's head was a new "pajama" hat, coquettishly turned up in front and down behind and adorned with a flowing light blue ribbon, and white shoes had a new, square toe. White yachting caps were second in popularity, but there was also a section, more quiet in their merry-making, who followed the latest modes in millinery.

Ten four-horsed brakes were quickly filled, and the thrills through London, preliminary to a day's delights in Epping Forest, began. Lunch at the Blacksmiths' Arms was followed by a beauty competition.

The prize in this competition was carried off by Esther Benson, a dark-haired, languishing-eyed beauty, whose portrait appears on page 9.

## "POT AND KETTLE."

### Ship's Corporal's View of the Recent Naval Scandals.

Replying to the many grave charges against ships' corporals and stewards at our naval stations, which have been published in the *Mirror*, a ship's corporal, interviewed on Saturday, waxed indignant.

"For bluejackets to make these charges against us," he said, "is for the pot to call the kettle black. Suppose we do accept bribes for letting a man whose leave has been stopped leave his ship. 'Surely, he is chiefly to blame for offering it. If a corporal lets him go and it is discovered, the corporal would be punished—probably disgraced. You must pay a man for taking that risk.'"

The indignant corporal apparently overlooked the fact that in accepting such a bribe he was committing a grave breach of trust, since corporals are retained to prevent such leave breaking.

Afterwards he accused bluejackets of various petty malpractices, which, according to his view, were quite as bad as those of his own class.

But his defence and counter-accusations, even if they could be substantiated, formed a very poor apology for the misdeeds of many ships' corporals and stewards.

Many of the thirty-five cars taking part in the small-car trials organised by the Automobile Club have failed altogether to get up the selected gradient with their full complement of passengers.

## WITTY CHURCHMAN DEAD.

### Dean Hole, Who Made Jokes and Grew Roses.

#### HIS HATRED OF MOTORS.

After having been in failing health for some months Dean Hole, most genial of clerics and witty of rectorates, died at his residence at Rochester on Saturday.

He passed away peacefully in his sleep in the presence of the beloved wife to whom he dedicated his famous "Book About Roses."

The late Dean was a typical Englishman, and universally liked and respected by the many famous men with whom he came in contact. He stood over six feet in his stockings, was a splendid rider, a connoisseur of roses, a great traveller, and a brilliant raconteur.

Leech, Dickens, Mark Lemon, and all the earlier writers in "Punch," were numbered among his friends, and he was the only man not on the staff of that paper that was ever present at one of the famous "Punch" dinners.

He wrote many books, and his memoirs contain an extraordinary number of stories of men in such varied walks of life as Thackeray and Gladstone, Edmund Yates and Dicky Duff, Pusey and the Belvoir Huntsman.

#### Lectured in America.

Born on December 5, 1819, and ordained in 1844, he was appointed Dean of Rochester in 1887, where he lived the peaceful life of a country gentleman, now and again giving to the world books of travel, sermon, and anecdote.

He made two lecturing tours in America, handing over all the profits to the fund for the restoration of Rochester Cathedral. His gardens were magnificent. Tourists from America came in shoals, and were always admitted to see what the late Dean called "his treasury of flowers."

"If I had not been a dean," he said, on one occasion, "there are three other vocations I should have liked to have followed: Master of a pack of hounds, head gardener in a large nursery, or a bookseller. I think the last is the best office of the three."

Hundreds of anecdotes are related of the late Dean.

On one occasion he was playing whist for three-penny points—it was before he was Dean—and he appeared to be well provided with threepenny pieces. "Ah," said his opponent, "have you got the offertory with you, vicar?" "What, sir," was the answer. "Do you recognise your miserable contributions?"

The Dean used to tell of how he once found himself seated on a bench in a public park, with a little girl of seven by his side, and the two had a very interesting conversation.

"I must go now," said the aged cleric to the little maiden, "and I must help me to rise; but I'm afraid you'll find me very heavy." "Yes, no," she replied, "you're not half so drunk as father often is!"

#### Teetotallers and Truth.

"The teetotallers keep pumping water," he wrote, "but they are a long way from that part of the bell in which the truth is said to reside."

The Dean was not friendly to the motor-car, of which he once wittily remarked:

"A prevision of motor-cars rushing and crawling, as thick and as black as beetles on the kitchen-floor, all over the land, is one of the minor considerations that make it easier to contemplate my departure to another world."

Dean Hole's home life was a singularly happy one. Speaking of his wife, he said: "I dedicated my 'Book About Roses' to her because

Where'er there's the love of a true wife, As bright as a beam from above, 'Tis the rose looking in at the window, And filling the dwelling with love.

One of his sons served with the C.I.V.'s through the South African war.

Mrs. Hole and her children are left to mourn his loss, and the sympathy of everyone will be theirs, for his death is a national as well as a domestic misfortune.

The funeral has been fixed for Thursday next at Causton, Nottingham.

## CABMAN CLAIMING BARONETCY.

Benjamin Tyrrel, the one-legged cabman, of Burton, whose photograph is reproduced on page 8, is the claimant to the extinct baronetcy of Tyrrel, of Thornorton Hall, Bucks.

The Tyrrels are of ancient lineage and distinguished, many generations being closely associated with the royal house. Others have held appointments under the Crown, and there seems but little doubt that Tyrrel is the rightful claimant to the title.

At fifty-eight he still follows the occupation of cabman, and is known by his fellow "rankers" as "Sir Benjamin." He lost his leg in pluckily attempting to stop a runaway cabhorse.



## EATING EVIDENCE.

## Lady Takes Flight with a Letter in Her Mouth.

## HARLEQUINADE-LIKE CHASE.

There was a remarkable diversion during the hearing of charges at the South-Western Police Court on Saturday.

Included in the list of cases was one in which Richard John Davis, a Wandsworth solicitor, was accused of stealing a motor-bicycle valued at £25, the property of the Acme Cycle Company. One of the witnesses called by the prosecution was a Mr. George Pearce.

Mr. Pearce, while waiting until Davis's case came before the magistrate, was standing in the corridor engaged in conversation. Suddenly a well-dressed woman made a movement towards him and snatched a letter having an important bearing on the case from his hand. Without a word of explanation, she ran from the corridor into the street, stuffing the letter into her mouth as she went.

## Doubling on Her Pursuers.

An exciting chase ensued. The lady dodged her pursuers with the agility of the clown in a harlequinade. With her jaws working busily in an evident endeavour to demolish the letter, she rushed across the road into a restaurant opposite. Entering by one door and leaving by another, she took cover over a girl assistant in the course of her headlong career.

Meanwhile, in hot pursuit came Mr. Pearce, Constable Day, and others. Their quarry, holding up her skirts to facilitate her flight, ran at an amazing speed across Lavender-gardens, and dashed without hesitation into the private residence of Mr. Hamme, the solicitor who is defending Davis.

Mr. Hamme was at home, but before he had time to realise the meaning of the unexpected intrusion, the lady with the letter had reached the garden at the back of the house. There she was brought to bay by Constable Day, who at once demanded the return of the letter.

"I've eaten it," was the unabashed reply.

## Mangled Romant.

But the constable was incredulous, and commenced a search for the missing document. Eventually, in the adjoining garden he came upon the letter, and restored it, in a mangled condition, to Mr. Pearce, who, though inclined to charge the lady with theft, hesitated to put his threat into execution.

There are some unusual features connected with the alleged theft of the bicycle by Davis. The accused has been, and still is, secretary of the Acme Cycle Company, of which his wife is said to be the managing director. There had been some complications culminating in county court proceedings. The accused, it is suggested, rode the bicycle to Portsmouth, where he is alleged to have negotiated for its sale.

When arrested he indignantly repudiated the suggestion that he was guilty of theft. As for some, who, though given, the magistrate directed a remand, accepting bail for the appearance of the accused.

## KERBSTONE SCIENTIST.

## Stud Seller Who Has Studied Aerial Navigation.

Sir Hiram Maxim has a rival. He sells collars and tie-clips in Fleet-street. Yet he has devoted a life to the study of the aeroplane—a fact which, cynics would say, explains his present financial standing.

This strange scientist is a quiet, refined-looking old man, appearing, as he is, a decayed gentleman.

Mr. McKie, for that is his name, has been quietly working for over forty years to bring the aeroplane to perfection. He is evidently master of his hobby, and his latest experiment, as far as a layman can appreciate such a thing, is far in advance of anything yet attempted.

Mr. McKie is at one with Sir Hiram Maxim in being no believer in the balloon theory of aerial navigation.

One of his inventions should at least go a long way towards solving the problem of the stability of the submarine boat.

## KILLED VIEWING THE SUNSET.

It is surmised that Ernest Arthur Rigby, upon whom an inquest was held on Saturday, met his death through climbing a railway embankment to view the sunset. His mutilated body was found on the L. and N.W. main line between Wembley and Lillesden.

He was an artist, and was in the habit of climbing unusual places in order to obtain an unrestricted view. Recently he had suffered from an illness which sometimes affected his head and made him fall.

## LIFE OF HATE.

## Singular Case of a Wandering Polish Jew.

In the dock of Westminster Police Court on Saturday stood a man whose life appears to be animated solely by hatred of Russia. It was an unsuccessful attempt to give active expression to this hatred which had brought him into the hands of the police.

He was fairly well-dressed, and gave the name of Moses Levy, fifty years of age, describing himself as a draper's assistant, but with no fixed abode.

It appeared that at three o'clock on Friday he accosted a police-sergeant in Chesham-place, and remarked that he had done some business for the Russian Ambassador in Germany, and he wanted to call at the Russian Embassy in England. He then walked towards the residence of the Russian Ambassador, and suddenly drawing a heavy parcel from under his coat, aimed it at the dining-room windows of No. 29, Sir Sydney Waterlow's house, which adjoins that of the Ambassador.

Immediately the police-sergeant seized him. Levy then stated that he had done it because he hated Russia and the Russians.

## Two Disappointments.

On being told that the window broken was not that of the Russian Ambassador, he expressed great regret that he had made a mistake, adding that in Hamburg he had made a mistake when he wrenched the doorplate off the door at the Russian Consulate.

An inspector stated that Levy had informed him that for the Hamburg outrage he was kept in custody more than a week for the state of his mind to be inquired into. Levy also told him that he came from Rotterdam on Friday morning, and that at Liverpool-street Station he wrapped a ginger-beer bottle in paper to throw through the Russian Ambassador's window.

The Magistrate: Is he mad?  
The Inspector: No, sir. He talked of nothing but his hatred of the Russians. He is a Polish Jew by descent, but he has been forty years on and off in this country. He had over £2 in his pocket when arrested.

Mr. Shell sentenced Levy to two months' hard labour.

## LIGHT-FINGERED VISITORS.

## Clever American Thieves at Work in London Streets.

Several officers of the City detective force are now engaged in attempting to bring a small party of American thieves to book for the daring theft of a hand-bag, containing £300 in £20 Bank of England notes.

The victim is a Miss Latchford, member of a well-to-do New York family. So far as the inquiries of the detectives have gone the belief seems to be justified that the thieves either journeyed by the same steamer to Southampton or knew of Miss Latchford's whereabouts.

She is on a visit to relatives, and a day or two after reaching London she cashed a draft for £200, half of which she banked. On Friday afternoon she called at the office of the Temperance Building Society, Ludgate Hill, for the purpose, it is understood, of completing a transaction respecting some property, and took with her a medium-sized chateleine bag containing £300 in £20 notes.

## Bag Disappears from a Chair.

The counter clerk whom she had to see was engaged at the time with another lady, and in order to look through some papers while waiting, Miss Latchford placed her little hand-bag on a chair. When the clerk was at liberty, and she proceeded to take her "turn," the bag had disappeared.

A clerk accompanied her to the headquarters of the City police in Old Jewry, Chancery, and she was fortunately able to furnish the authorities with the numbers of the notes later in the day. Particulars of the robbery have been circulated, together with the numbers of the notes, which are as follows:—88314-15-23 to 27; 88335 to 41.

## DISTASTE FOR CLEANLINESS.

In spite of frequent visits from the sanitary inspector, Simon Rabinovitch, a Russian boot-laster, of Sion-square, Mile End, would not keep his house clean, it was stated at an inquest on Saturday.

Alfens, a juror remarked, did not go in for cleanliness, and it was no wonder Rabinovitch's child died of measles.

At a second inquiry, into the death of the infant son of Harris Yanofsky, it was stated that the mother had had ten children, and only one was now alive.

## BALD SEPTUAGENARIAN GROWS HAIR.

A man seventy years of age has caused a sensation in medical circles in Padua, Italy.

Till two months ago he was perfectly bald, when suddenly his hair began to grow again and has become so thick and long that it has had to be cut.

## "DEAD" MAN'S RETURN.

## Husband Comes Home After His Supposed Funeral.

A remarkable case of a "dead" husband returning to his wife and family who were under the impression that they had buried him during the previous week, was related at Clerkenwell Police Court on Saturday.

A labourer named William Smith was charged with running away from home and allowing his two children to become chargeable to the Holborn Union. It appeared from the statement for the prosecution that on July 5 he left his home at Cyrus-street, Clerkenwell, early in the morning, stating that he was going to look for work. The wife saw no more of him until Wednesday last.

## Wife Identifies the Body.

But a fortnight ago yesterday she had read in a newspaper an account of the finding of a man's body in the River Lea. The next day she saw the body at the mortuary, and from the clothes and belongings upon it—spectacles, tobacco-box, a red-and-white spotted handkerchief—identified it as that of her husband.

The body was buried by the parish in the name of William Smith, the wife at the same time writing to her husband's brother to acquaint him of the death of William.

On August 24 her husband, however, appeared before her, and said he had been harvesting.

In giving evidence, Smith said he had been trying to get work. He met his brother, who said to him, "You are supposed to be dead, Bill!"

The case was settled by the parties consenting to a separation, Smith undertaking to allow his wife 10s. a week.

## JEWELLER'S AWAKENING.

## Robbed in a Strange House After a Dinner in Town.

After dining in the West End with some friends on August 8, Mr. R. Flewies, a provincial jeweller in London on a visit, has not a very clear recollection of what happened.

However, he remembers that after leaving his friends he felt ill and wanted to go to bed. He spoke to a young man he met, and in the morning found himself in a street off the Strand. He was alone, and his watch and ring were missing.

Mr. Flewies related his experience to the magistrate at Westminster on Saturday, when Albert Kaplin, a motor-car driver, and Robert Ginger, a tailor, both German subjects, were charged with being concerned in stealing the gold watch, silver match-box, and diamond ring, valued at £50, belonging to the jeweller.

Kaplin was arrested smartly by Inspector Kemp, who saw him examining some rings in Trafalgar-square. Ginger pledged the ring on August 20 or 21 for £10.

Mr. Flewies confessed that he could not remember having ever seen the prisoners before.

Both men were committed for trial.

## DUMPING OF DISTRESSED ALIENS.

The dumping of a German lady in the Hampstead Workhouse is attracting considerable attention.

A shipping agent, interviewed on the subject, said: "America deports aliens chargeable to the rates. They are sent by British steamers to Liverpool and London, and become inmates of our poor law institutions."

"When almshouses get overcrowded in Hamburg and Bremen the authorities invite those inmates who are willing to leave to try their fortune in England, and pay them a small sum of money and their passage to London."

## SOUTHSEA PRIZE-WINNERS.

The three visitors to Southsea whose portraits appeared in Saturday's *Mirror* were Miss Ada Burn, Miss Vyvyan Mills, and Mr. Thomas Wall. They were each awarded 5s. and a *Mirror* fountain pen.

Mr. Thomas Peacock, Friday's third winner, called at the *Mirror* tent on the Common, on Saturday, and got his reward.

This morning we publish another portrait of a Southsea holiday-maker.

## ADOLF BECK'S MARTYRDOM.

"The Martyrdom of Adolf Beck," by George R. Sims, is now on sale in volume form at all news dealers for 3d.

Mr. Sims, stirred to great indignation by this unhappy man's wrongs, has written their history in a most graphic and picturesque fashion, and this unofficial "Blue-book" is one of the most interesting.

In addition to the marvellous collection of startling facts presented, "The Martyrdom of Adolf Beck" contains also a reprint of the specially contributed articles of this forcible writer to the "Daily Mail"—the same articles that have aroused the whole of England.

## POVERTY'S LAST MEAL

## Painful Story of Starvation in East London.

## SIXPENCE FOR A PICTURE.

The Coroner: It is a case of starvation?  
The Doctor: Undoubtedly, sir.

Thus tersely was summed up in the Stepney Coroner's Court on Saturday the tragedy of a poverty-stricken East-End home. Her voice broken in sobs, the widow of Charles Arnold, aged sixty-five years, who had lived at John's-hill, St. George's-in-the-East, had related the moving story of her husband's death.

The widow's pinched features and emaciated appearance bore painful testimony to the truth of her statements. Her husband, she said, had been doing occasional work at Billingsgate Market. He had not been well lately, but wouldn't have a doctor, as they were hard up. She found him dead in bed.

The Coroner: Had he had sufficient food?  
The Widow (bursting into tears). No, sir. I had to sell the picture off the wall to buy our last meal.  
The Coroner: Here is 5s. to buy yourself some food.—The Widow (gratefully): Thank you, sir; thank you, sir.

## Day to Day Struggle.

A lodger in the house bore out the widow's statement, and said she knew the old couple had gone short and had struggled hard from day to day to live. Frequently they would have had nothing to eat if she and others had not helped them. She knew that Mrs. Arnold had to sell the picture from the wall. She got 6d. for it, and it was about the last thing she had left.

The Coroner recalled Mrs. Arnold, and asked her why she had not applied to the parish for help.

Mrs. Arnold: I would sooner sell all I had, and pray to Almighty God to restore him to health. When he was well he always brought a few half-pence home.

The jury returned a verdict of Death from want of food and attention.

## SYMPATHETIC MARQUIS.

## Charge Against a Waiter Who "Lost Her Husband."

Titled families are said to have been victimised for some time past by an ingenious method employed, it is alleged, by George Johnson, a waiter.

According to the evidence at West London Police Court, where he was remanded on Saturday charged with obtaining money by false pretences, Johnson, writing in a woman's hand, would apply to the head of a rich family for pecuniary assistance. The letter stated that the writer was a former servant who, having married and lost her husband, required £3 only to purchase a business.

Pathetic details were added, such as that the writer's husband lost his life while trying to rescue a child from drowning, and that she was left with a little boy who was crippled for life.

It was stated that when the Marquis of Winchester sent £2 and asked for further particulars, a reply was received that the original correspondent had met with an accident and could not write.

After his arrest Johnson was taken to a tobacconist's shop at Shepherd's Bush, where he was identified as a man who had called for letters addressed to "Mary Stewart."

## PAINTING BY MACHINERY.

A compressed-air painting machine is shortly to be put on the market, and the patentees claim that by their apparatus woodwork and ironwork may be sprayed much more effectively than they can be painted by hand.

A *Mirror* representative saw the machine at work on Saturday.

An air tank, worked by hand, and a paint pot are connected by flexible tubes with a "sprayer." The sprayer, held by the operator, is directed on the surface to be painted, and the pressure of air—20lb. to the square inch—forces the paint in the form of spray through a nozzle.

One advantage the apparatus certainly possesses is that it forces the paint evenly into every crevice and corner and into places which cannot be conveniently reached by a brush.

## FORGED TO HELP HIS MOTHER.

From the time he left school until a week ago Leslie Smith, aged seventeen years, of Kenninghall-lane, Clapton, was unable to get employment owing to a week's heart.

When he got the berth he promised to assist his mother. However, he found he could not afford it, and was very disappointed. He then forged a cheque for £10 on a form taken from his brother's book in order that he might give his mother something.

At Bow-street on Saturday Smith was sentenced to two months' imprisonment in the second division,



## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE.

Several seals have arrived at Scarborough Bay, attracted by the shoals of herring off the coast.

The King has sent a gift of venison for the use of the patients in Guy's Hospital.

Lord Roberts sailed on Saturday for the Cape by the Kilmains Castle, accompanied by his wife and daughters.

Reports from twenty colliery districts show that Scottish colliers will resist a reduction of their wages. This course, if persisted in, can only lead to a strike.

In the chapel of the Royal Herbert Hospital at Woolwich Lord Methuen on Saturday unveiled a memorial to men of the Royal Army Medical Corps who died in the war.

## ADDERS KILLED BY PARTRIDGE.

An adder, 2ft. 7in. in length, and fourteen young ones were killed on Saturday on an estate near Newbury by a gamekeeper named Partridge.

## BUTCHER'S ROYAL CHAIRS.

When the King and Queen visited the Elan Valley to open Birmingham's waterworks, two finely-carved oak chairs were provided for their Majesties during the ceremony.

These have just been purchased by a local butcher for a substantial sum.

## SANATORIUM FOR MIDDLESEX.

One thousand deaths take place in the county of Middlesex, distinct from the County of London, every year from consumption.

It is proposed to build a sanatorium with 100 beds at a cost of £30,000, one-half to be found by the district councils and the other by public subscription.

## "SPEAKER'S" BIRTHDAY.

The speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. William Court Gully, K.C., M.P., will celebrate his sixty-ninth birthday to-day, having been born on August 29, 1835.

He has been Speaker of the House for over nine years, having been elected to that position on April 10, 1895.

## SOUTHPORT'S NEW LIFEBOAT.

In handing over the new sailing lifeboat William Harling to the Southport Town Council, Lieutenant Maclean, of the National Lifeboat Association, said she was the most expensive boat of her size on the coast.

She cost £3,000, and was left by will by Mr. John Harling.

## CHEQUE TAKEN FOR A HOAX.

When a railway porter found a cheque for £110 unendorsed and payable at a local bank in a railway carriage at Tordmorden he thought it was a form of advertisement.

With a humorous speech he presented it to a fellow-porter as a mark of esteem, who, in turn, passed it on to the newspaper boy.

This urchin had great fun with it until it was rescued by the owner, who, having discovered his loss, arrived on the scene at his wits' end.

## CHEAP FOREIGN FOOTMEN.

At the mass meeting of domestic servants at Hyde Park yesterday it was stated there were six thousand foreign lads and females now employed in London private houses.

Their average wages were 12s. to 15s. a month, while English servants hold out for 30s.

The foreign boy domestic servants now employed at many noblemen's houses willingly make beds, clean steps, and undertake other female work.

## MAGISTERIAL SYMPATHY FOR DRUNKARDS.

"If I had been Sergeant Ollorshaw, of the D Division, or any other division," said Alderman Gibson at the Manchester Police Court, "instead of taking a drunken man having a tonic at a beer-house to the police-station, I should have taken him home."

The charge against the licensee of the Oak Inn, Clarendon-street, of permitting drunkenness was dismissed.

Cambridge University Calendar gives the total number of members of the University as 19,391.

The first "scout" cruiser for the Navy has been launched at Glasgow. She will have a speed of twenty-five knots.

Night poaching has proved a healthy recreation to Philip Bianchi, a hale old man of seventy-five, who has been fined £5 at Longton.

Fined £25 or three months imprisonment at Southampton for neglecting his family, William Andrews had, it was said, recently been preaching at Manchester.

A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Charles Louis Bedford, a Birmingham estate agent, who has disappeared. A petition has been filed in bankruptcy by his father, and the deficiency is said to be £40,000.

John Doherty and Stanley Holman, naval seamen, were charged at Stonehouse on Saturday on suspicion of being concerned in a diamond robbery of a wholesale character. Holman was discharged, but Doherty, whose brother is in custody in Ireland on a similar charge, was handed over to the Irish police.

## AUCTION BY CANDLE FLAME.

To-day there takes place at Chesham, near Bridgewater, a curious auction, which has to be held every twenty-one years.

It is the sale of a twenty-one years' lease of a piece of arable land known as Church Acre. The proceeds being expended by the rector and churchwardens.

Bidding in accordance with the terms of the bequest, takes place during the burning of half an inch of candle, the last expiring flicker of flame taking the place of the fall of the hammer.

## JURYMEN'S LISTS.

Names of all persons liable to be summoned to serve as jurymen over England and Wales for the ensuing year will be exhibited on the principal doors of every church, chapel, and other place of public worship over the country on Sunday next, September 4, and the two following Sundays.

Persons can claim exemption from serving who are over sixty years of age; also peers, members of Parliament, professional men, clergymen, and Roman Catholic priests are exempt.

## TWELVE STROKES FOR SIXPENCE.

Twelve strokes with the birch rod have been awarded Alexander Readon, a thirteen-year-old Newport boy, for the methods he adopted to raise the capital necessary to start in the newspaper line.

He called on a local tradesman with a note purporting to be written by his mother, asking for the loan of sixpence, which was granted. Although he bought and sold his papers he forgot to return his borrowed capital, which was not only dishonest, but showed a lack of true commercial instinct.

## SOMNAMBULIST ON THE CLYDE.

Quite a romantic incident enlivened the vigil of a fireman on the Meadows ferry-boat at Govan. About midnight he noticed a girl in white walking down the river embankment into the water. Jumping in without a moment's hesitation, he reached her as she rose to the surface, and succeeded in carrying her to the bank.

She proved to be a girl of fifteen, daughter of a labourer, who had left her home in her sleep.

## IRISH BUTTER AT THE WORKHOUSE.

Several firms have applied to the guardians of Mile End to be allowed to submit tenders to supply the workhouse with butter substitutes.

This provoked much good-humoured indignation, one of the guardians—Mr. O'Brien—exclaiming that although they were poor in Mile End they would have nothing but good old Irish butter in the workhouse.

## SIX TONS OF IRISH WHALE.

Two large whales have entered Queenstown harbour and grounded on the rocks at Roches Point.

On the tide receding the two monsters attempted to get off, but bounded themselves to death. They are 126ft. in length and weigh six tons.

among married folk as among unmarried.

Across the Channel even Paris, that meat market of sensuality, holds up its hands in wonder when it sees, as it has had opportunity of seeing, a husband acquiescing without a word in his wife's dishonour. Paris can stand a good deal; it can stand also a good deal which we cannot, but that particular grossness is beyond it.

"It is absurd for us to shut our eyes and pretend that such a thing does not exist among us; for there are husbands who, knowing beyond a doubt that their wives lead other lives, shrug their shoulders and think what a convenient institution matrimony is, since it leaves both parties so free. Their friends know it, their world knows it, and calls the dishonour of the two mere good sense."

If such a state of affairs should become common, says Mr. Benson, then God help the nation.

## "PLAGUE WAS BREAKOUT"

In a South African Blue-book appear several strange letters addressed to the "Rand Daily Mail" in March, 1904, explaining how the plague was conveyed to the coolie location.

Earl Spencer will be the principal speaker at the autumn meetings of the Devon Liberal Federation at Tavistock.

Furze and undergrowth, covering a large area on Hampstead Heath, has been destroyed by fire, the result of a lighted match being carelessly thrown away.

First-class certificates and gold medals have been awarded in the Auto-cycle Club's 1,000-mile trials to a "Bradbury," "Humber," "Quadrant" and "Rover" machine.

Sir John French has sanctioned the annual Army and Navy Boxing Championship to take place in the headquarters' gymnasium in Queen's-avenue, Aldershot, on the 27th, 28th, and 29th prox.

## SIXTY YEARS ON THE ROAD.

For sixty years Mr. Daniel Pudney has driven a carrier's cart between Cogeshall and London, and at seventy-eight years of age he has now celebrated his golden wedding.

## ALIENS' RAPID FAMILIES.

Aliens at Stepney have placed this borough in the position of claiming the highest birth-rate in England.

In the parish of St. George's-in-the-East, owing to the immigration of newly-married aliens, the birth-rate has reached 41.2 per thousand. For the whole of London the rate is only 28.4 per 1,000.

## SNUB-NOSED SALMON.

When a snub, salmon was landed at the Dalmeny fishings it was at once seen that it showed a curious difference in facial expression to the thousands of its fellows which have preceded it to scale.

The difference was caused by it having a snub nose, which did not appear to have been caused by injury, but to have grown in this abnormal style by a freak.

## SORRY HE SPOKE.

Charged at St. Helens with being in arrears under a wife maintenance order, Thomas Callaghan was sentenced to a month's hard labour.

On leaving the dock he audibly mentioned his hostile intentions towards his wife on his release, and thus postponed that eventful day for three months through receiving the further sentence for threats.

## LIGHTING THE TEMPLE.

It has come to the knowledge of the Benchers of the Inner Temple that electricity forms an excellent luminaire suitable for chambers and offices.

After a hesitation, natural to such an ancient body, lasting over some years they have now decided to admit electric light into the Temple, and the library will therefore be closed until October 1.

## SIXTY YEARS' PARISH WORK.

Mr. Robert Gilmour, who has died at Whetstone, near Barnet, at the age of eighty-eight, has been village postmaster for forty years.

Previously he had lived for twenty years in the parish as collector at the Whetstone toll-gate on the Great North Road.

He was for many years churchwarden at the Oakleigh Park Parish Church.

## COUNTY COUNCIL AS CATERERS.

Although Mr. W. Alstrom, the secretary of the Coffee-house Keepers' Association, was successful at the House of Lords in his opposition to the London County Council, the sale of food at the Council's lodging-houses has not been discontinued.

It is now under discussion whether a writ should be issued against the Council or how the decision of the Lords can be best enforced.

## BLACKLEG CLERGYMAN.

Trouble is brewing for churchmen at Blyth, Northumberland. Last week-end the churchwardens, sidersmen, and other church workers attracted much attention by themselves painting the churchyard railings.

The Painters' Society at once held a meeting to draw up a protest against blackleg labour, but the exact form it is to take has not yet been decided.

That from V. Gooroomsy Naidoo and V. Kathanpillay, on behalf of the Madras and Colonial-born Indian community, is a gem of "English as she is wrote." It reads—

Re Plague, or any other Disease which how the Plague was Breakout, and from which it was Breakout the Bombay Soorthies Hindoo or commonly called Bombay coolies and not from Madras Indians, Mohameadians, or Calcutta Indians.

Most of the Madras Indians in European Fashion and these Bombay Soorthies coolies there is no doubt that they are overcrowded and dirty and they only living on 2 Blankets and couple of sacks and a carpet Handbag to carry their clothes in this are the great things they own therefor Sir we beg to ask you Most Generous to Separate our Madras community from the Soorthies coolies Bombay Natives for the Future quarter.

Through a fire under the railway arches at Purley traffic by the Brighton and South Coast Railway was stopped for some time yesterday.

## "THE CHEVALEER."

## One-part Play Wins Fair Success at the Garrick Theatre.

Not to see Mr. Arthur Boucher as the prince of showmen, "the one, the only, the unapproachable," would be to miss a feast of hearty fun. He makes the "Chevalier Montague" a vastly comical figure, with his unquenchable high spirits, his firm belief in his own powers of fascination, his flow of flowery eloquence, which enables him to pour forth a torrent of the longest words in the language upon every possible occasion.

His title he has conferred upon himself "in recognition of many distinguished services." His ambition is to be the greatest showman on the road. He is already the proprietor of numberless steam roundabouts, palaces of mystery, shooting-galleries, and coconut shies. He aims at setting up in London and conquering the many-headed there also.

## Running a Fete.

The play shows how he makes enough money to do this by persuading a certain Sir John Kelland and his wife to let him "run," upon his own terms, a fete which the baronet is getting up in his grounds. And why are they persuaded? For no reason save that they each believe the "Chevalier" knows something to their discredit, whereas he, good, worthy man, is entirely innocent of any such knowledge!

It is Mr. Boucher who has to bear the whole burden of the play. He does it with unfading energy, and with humour that never palls. Every moment some fresh jest or turn of phrase is roared. There is, indeed, really nothing in the piece but Mr. Boucher. Miss Violet Vanbrugh has very few chances; Miss Nancy Price and Mr. Sydney Valentine none at all. Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones makes a pretty little figure as the showman's daughter, and Mr. O. B. Clarence plays with marvellous fidelity the part of an old man who vainly tries to stand between the "Chevalier" and his victims. But these only fill up corners.

## CONFESSION IN A TRAM.

## Unauthorised Claim to the Authorship of a Crime.

To the list of confessions to crimes known and unknown which have been of such frequent occurrence recently, is to be added one which has come to light under curious circumstances. At present no evidence is forthcoming as to the genuineness or otherwise of the unknown writer's statement.

A man engaged on Saturday night in cleaning the roof of an electric tramcar belonging to the West Ham Corporation, found a letter containing an account of a crime alleged to have been committed at Ilford.

The following is the text of the letter:—

Dear Sir or Madam,—The reason of me doing this crime is because that I and another fellow were after her, and I cannot stand it no longer as I have very near had enough of it. I told her that I was going to tell her that I see her with him I would take her life. I done all I could to prevent it, and she betrayed me; so I done what I told her I would do.

I took her away down a dark tunnel near Ilford and cut her throat and put her in a hedge and went home—that was because she betrayed me; but I don't say it was all her fault; but the Lord will find that when I am gone.

I loved that girl and dote the ground she walked on, and I love her with all my heart. God bless her because I love her. My darling, good-bye, God bless you.

The police decline to express any opinion with regard to the discovery.

## WALKING ON FRUIT.

## Fruitarian's Tramp from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

At four a.m. to-day Mr. George Allen, a fruitarian, started from "the last house," Land's End, on a stupendous 1,000 miles' walk to John o' Groat's.

He is walking to show what a fruit-eater can do against meat-made records, and as a further test of physical endurance Mr. Allen will lecture on diet every night in a number of towns on his way.

This 1,000 miles' fruit walk is being organised by the journal "Vitality," whose editor accompanies Mr. Allen in a motor-car. Mr. Allen will do fifty miles a day every day except Sundays.

His diet will consist solely of fruit and nuts—walnuts, almonds, pea nuts, but butter, grapes, apples, and bananas, will be his staple diet. Every day for lunch he will have a tablet of compressed fruit pulp. Every evening a vegetable soup will recruit him after his lecture.

Mr. Allen will traverse St. Austell, Plymouth, Exeter, Bridgewater, Bristol, Gloucester, Worcester, Birmingham, Stafford, Congleton, Preston, Kendal, Carlisle, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Kinross, Inverness, Tain, and Wick. He will walk bareheaded.

## MARRIED "FLIRTS."

## Popular Novelist Denounces the Modern Society Woman.

Some very straight talk is addressed to the modern "woman of the world" by Mr. E. F. Benson in the "Fortnightly Review."

As the author of "Dodo" Mr. Benson is an old hand at castigating society follies, but here he has something more than folly to chastise. It is not merely that such women as Mr. Benson has in mind are too stupid to do anything but play bridge, dress expensively, and "fling the rest of the money into idiotic entertainments." It is not alone their "foolish and feverish mode of life" that stirs his anger.

Such women have, he declares, made the words "good" and "wicked" obsolete, words which it is considered ill-bred to make use of. "In certain sections of society there is as much 'flirting'



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at 8, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1310 Holborn.

## Daily Mirror

MONDAY, AUGUST 29, 1904.

## THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

IF it is necessary to cultivate children's minds at the expense of the State, surely it stands to reason that it must be desirable to feed their bodies also.

To refuse to do either would be an intelligible plan. If we left it to parents to deal with their offspring as they pleased, that, at all events would be logical. But to insist upon teaching boys and girls to read and write, and at the same time to take no thought for their little stomachs, leaving it outside the province of the Board school to inquire whether they are properly fed or on the verge of starvation—such a course is not only utterly illogical, but exceedingly cruel.

The difficulties in the way of making sure that no British child shall be expected to do its schoolwork in a state of collapse due to want of food are many, no doubt; and greater than some of the speakers at yesterday's demonstration in Trafalgar-square appeared to realise. But they can be got over if the nation is in earnest; and they will certainly have to be got over if we want to give our children of the lowest class a fair chance of growing up healthy, sound men and women.

At present they do not get a fair chance. Numbers of children—to our shame be it said—scarcely ever know what a full meal means. Their poor little limbs are always aching, they always feel an aching void, their heads are always "muzzy" with hunger. How can they ever develop as God meant them to?

This is a question of vital importance to us. Unless we can get hold of the children, the mass of our population is bound to go on deteriorating. And we cannot get hold of the children without looking after their bodies as well as their minds.

It is no use to try and overpower this pitious cry of the children with alarmist cries of "Socialism." Free food (or, better still, a system of meals towards which parents should be compelled to contribute) would be no nearer Socialism than Free Education. And even if it were, does it become Christian, human folk to haggle over the names of things while Christ's little ones are starving at our very doors?

## STUPID AND INHUMAN.

The smaller species of official mind is a strange study. Two things never influence it—common humanity and common sense. Either of these qualities might have saved boards of guardians throughout the country from the well-merited rebuke which the Local Government Board has just addressed to them.

It has been a common practice, it appears, for the families of prisoners who have been on the rates while their bread-winner was in prison to be sent to meet him at the prison gates on the morning of his release. Imagine the feelings of a watched creature, facing the world again with a shame-faced air, and wondering how in the world he is to get along for the next day or so, at being confronted by his wife and family, standing helpless in the road, with no one but him to turn to.

It is positively provoking him to be cruel and bitter. It is just the sort of treatment calculated to cast him deeper into despair. Think, too, of the cruelty to the poor wife and children. On every ground it was a practice to be condemned, and we are very glad it is to be put a stop to at once.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

## In the City Streets.

Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping;  
Drink for one ahirst; ripe blackberries to eat;  
Yonder in the sun the merry hare is leaping,  
And the pool is clear for travel-weary feet.  
Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London highways,  
All the spry moss upon a northern moor!  
Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares, and  
Byways,  
Homeless in the City, poor among the poor!  
London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves aglinting  
Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn sun!  
London water's wine, poured out for all unsating—  
God! For the little brooks that tumble as they run!

## "THE CHEVALEER."



Mr. Arthur Bouchier had a great personal triumph on Saturday in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play in the part of a showman with great confidence in his fascinating manners. It is one of Mr. Bouchier's most amusing efforts.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE choice of the name Alexis for the Tsarevitch was not a difficult matter. Ever since the time of Alexander I. it has been customary in Russia for the heir to the Throne to be named alternately Alexander and Nicholas, but since the murder of Alexander II. the name has been considered unlucky, and will not be used again. Peter and Paul are unlucky, too, for Paul I. and Peter III. both met violent deaths. The only other great Russian Tsar was the father of Peter the Great, and the Tsarevitch was accordingly named Alexis after him.

EVELYN.—Mrs. John Evelyn, of Wotton, gave birth to a son on Thursday, 25th, at 117, Park-street. Both are going on well.

That is the form in which Mr. Evelyn chooses to announce his "interesting event," instead of putting it in the ordinary way—"On the 25th inst. Mrs. John Evelyn, of a son." But Mr. Evelyn is always unusual. He is at once a Conservative and a Home Ruler. He dislikes trippers above all things, yet he "discovered" Norway for tourist purposes. He is a staunch Imperialist, and yet he was a defender of Arabi Pasha.

Down at Wotton, his place in the most lovely part of Surrey, Mr. Evelyn is an autocrat in a small way. He has very clear ideas about the difference between one class and another. One day he discovered that his butler was having his daughter taught to play the piano. He intimated to the man that they must part. He could not tolerate a butler with a family brought up in that way! But he is a just man, too, so the butler has ever since enjoyed, and will enjoy until he dies, an annual income paid to him by Mr. Evelyn without doing anything for it.

To-night's new play, "The Chetwynd Affair," at the Royalty, is by an author of twenty-two. Mr. Reginald Kennedy-Cox has been stage-struck all his life. While he was at Oxford he spent his long vacation touring with theatrical companies in order to get experience, and never lost an opportunity of appearing with the O.U.D.S., though they always gave him funny parts instead of the tragic rôles in which he fancied himself. This play at the Royalty he wrote when he was only seventeen. Let's hope it won't appear so!

One of the most noticeable things about that great little man, Lord Roberts, who started on his South African trip on Saturday, is the strength with which he is bound by family ties. Many are the stories which are told of the mingling of his private and official life. The most striking instance

took place in India. It was while a circle of friends were discussing the approaching wedding of a rising young officer. The various wedding presents which the party had given came under review after the character of the bride had been thoroughly discussed. Two or three butter-dishes were recorded, and a few silver toast-racks and entree-dishes naturally came next on the list. Then someone said they had given him a champagne cooler. There was a moment's pause, and then instant attention as the wife of the Commander-in-Chief spoke up. "We have given him a brigade," she said. She was quite right to include herself.

Is Mr. G. P. Huntley going to rival Mr. George Edwards? At any rate, he has just written to Mr. Edwards to say that he has bought one racehorse in Australia, and means to buy some more and bring them back with him when he returns from his tour in October. Mr. Huntley is one of the best examples of hereditary art in acting. Not only his father and mother, but also his grandfather and grandmother were on the stage. He himself made his first appearance on the stage at the age of three. Things American have always had a fascination for the clever humorist. While in America, on one of his early tours, he devoted a lot of time to studying the "noble red man" of the boys' book, and, as he is a passable amateur painter, made, and still makes, innumerable sketches of him. And he married an American actress.

The anti-motorists are getting a chance again in the "Times" this dull season. One of the indignant old women who want "to see motor-cars put down," complains of a child being injured "simply because it was playing in a road near a corner." It never seems to occur to such people that roads are the worst possible playgrounds for children. Parents who allow their little ones to play about on the public highways, whether in the country or in London, are positively courting disaster.

Of all the silly ideas the "silly season" has brought forth so far the silliest is that a statue of Shakespeare should be erected in London at the public expense. Why do we want a Shakespeare statue? To keep the poet's memory green? If his works don't do that it is not likely that a stone image will. If we had any sculptor who could be trusted to produce a really fine monument there might be something to be said in favour of adding to the beauty of London under the pretext of honouring Shakespeare. But the statue would be, of a certainty, atrocious. I hope all sensible people will give this scheme, the very coldest of shoulders.

## READERS' LETTER-BOX.

## TIPS TO SERVANTS.

It is a recognised rule in the leading hotels in America to pay 10 per cent. of your bill in tips, according to the services rendered by the hotel staff. W. S. GRANT.

Worthing.

## GO NORTH.

A short paragraph in the *Daily Mirror* stated the other day that a firm of London solicitors received 975 replies to an advertisement for a copying and shorthand clerk.

I put a similar advertisement in the leading paper in the north of England and received three replies. Some of the London "out-of-works" had better come north. J. CURRIE.

Lytham-street, Blackpool.

## DRIVING BY TELEPATHY.

In reference to the blindfolded drive attempted last week from the *Mirror* office, may I suggest that Mr. Ahrensmeier be given another opportunity of showing his powers?

I believe that under more favourable circumstances the feat is quite possible. I may say, however, that I see no reason for blindfolding his eyes, as it would not affect the test. M. J. RYAN.

## PUNY OFFICERS.

My namesake, C. Vernon, who recommends physical training for officers, doesn't know much about this subject evidently. Most Guards officers have been Eton, Harrow, or Winchester boys, where athletics of all kinds are constantly practised. I always thought that the one complaint against English officers was that they gave too much time to sports and games and not enough to their profession. But Mr. C. Vernon apparently thinks otherwise. R. W. VERNON.

Whitby, Taunton.

## EGGS BY POST.

You say that the cash on delivery parcels post would be a great help to farmers in disposing of eggs and butter. Probably it might be if the Post Office would learn to carry parcels without smashing them. At present, except under absolute necessity, no one ever sends eggs by post, as the Post Office evidently does not like carrying them, and to show its dislike reduces everything to pulp. No box can stand Post Office treatment. Even when delivered properly it is smashed when returned empty. I send out hundreds of dozens of eggs during the season, but not by post.

A POULTRY FARMER.

Stoneland Farm, Hailsham.

## NO HAT AND MORE HAIR.

We have been reading a lot lately about "The No-Hat Brigade," and I thought I would add my testimony, as a hairdresser of experience, to the good effect this no-hat fashion has on the hair.

I have quite a number of customers this summer who are for the best part of the day hatless, and the difference in the colour and healthy appearance of the hair in a week or so even is extraordinary.

Especially among young men it seems to be popular, and they take most trouble over the neat arrangement and smartness of their hair. The favourite style seems to be to wear it smoothed back and parted in the middle. A slight wave on either side is popular, and those who have not this naturally usually have it put in with a touch of the irons. HEALTH.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## Mr. George R. Sims.

HE is a great-hearted man. That is why he has fought so hard to get justice for Beck. To-day his book, giving a full history of the case, is published. To sum him up, he is a typical Cockney of the very best type.

Everything he does he does thoroughly. He works hard—eighteen hours a day if necessary—and when his work is done frivols hard. Moods with him are always passing. At one moment he is keeping everyone near him in shouts of laughter. Suddenly his mood changes and he is silent and moody.

His work everyone knows. He is author, dramatist, and journalist, each in turn, and each more than successfully.

His play takes every form. One of his chief amusements is to play practical jokes on the Post Office by sending strangely addressed letters. As a contrast, he collects photographs and souvenirs of criminals, and lives near Regent's Park so that he can be near Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. Pets of every kind and of infinite number take up much of his spare time. Everybody is fond of him. He is good-hearted, affectionate, and, above all, sympathetic.

Method is with him a matter of course. In twenty-five years he has never once missed his weekly column—signed "Daggon"—in "Referee," and that, too, though he has jiggled all over the world.

In little more than a week he will celebrate his fifty-seventh birthday.



# NEWS OF THE DAY SEEN THROUGH THE CAMERA



"THE CHEVALEER."



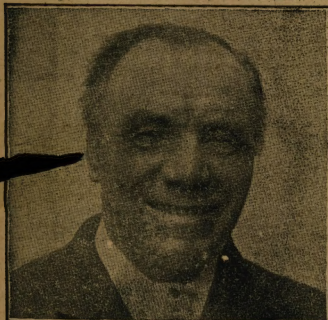
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier (Miss Violet Vanbrugh). Mr. Bouchier produced Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new piece, "The Chevalier," at the Garrick Theatre on Saturday evening.—(Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.)

ESCAPE FROM AN IRON-BOUND COFFIN.



The iron-bound coffin containing the music-hall performer, Carl Mysto, from which he succeeded in escaping at the Metropole Theatre, Manchester. Note Mysto's manacled hands projecting through the holes in the lid. This was taken before the coffin was placed under the canopy, where Mysto was found in an unconscious condition fifty minutes later, but outside the coffin.

THE CABMAN BARONET.



Benjamin Tyrrel, the Burton-on-Trent cabman, who is claiming the baronetcy of Tyrrel of Thornton Hall, Bucks.

SATURDAY AT GATWICK.



The start for the Kite Handicap at Gatwick on Saturday. It was won by Airship, the second horse from the right.

A SCENE FROM THE PRISON LIFE OF ADOLF BECK, THE INNOCENT CONVICT.



Convict cobblers at work in the prison shoemaker's shop.—(Photograph by Bulbeck and Co.)

IN THE HARVEST FIELD.



The exceedingly fine weather of the last few days has enabled the harvester to gather in the remainder of the wheat crop. Luckily the price of wheat still remains high, and this year's crop has been a good one.



FLYING.



ood on his perilous journey through space on Sir new aeroplane during experiments at the Crystal od travelled at a speed of from 80 to 100 miles an hour.

CROQUET.



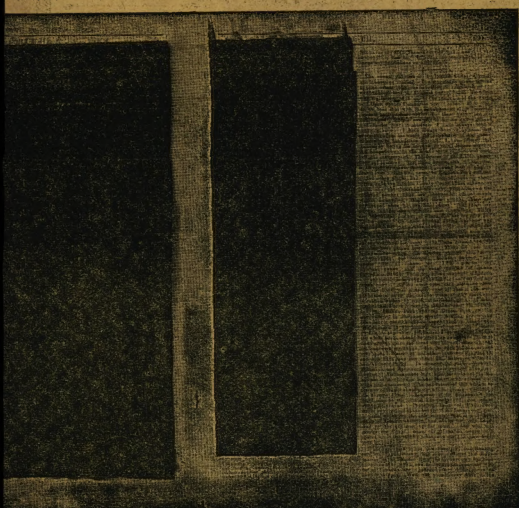
Miss Gower, winner of the champion cup at the croquet meeting at Roehampton.

SAILING.



The Thames Valley Sailing Club's meeting at Hampton. The Estelle, a winning rater, nearing the finish.

RUSSIAN METHODS IN BELFAST.



at the Belfast Public Library have stolen a march on the Russian here is a reduced facsimile of two pages of "Truth" with the racing matter blacked out.

BESIEGED IN LONDON.



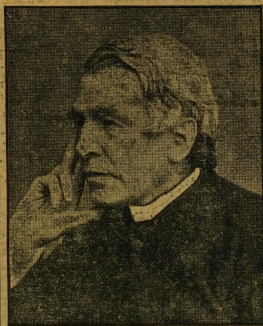
The result of the L.C.C. Strand Improvements. The inhabitants of the partially demolished streets are under notice to move, but have nowhere to go. This photograph shows a family hourly expecting to be locked out.

PICTURE TITLION.



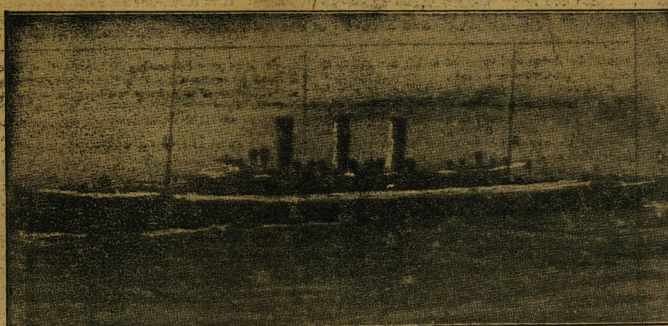
ose portrait we will apply at the tent on the Com-sea, she will be shillings and a mountain pen.

DEAN HOLE DEAD.



Dean Hole, of Rochester, the friend of Dickens and Leech and many other famous litterateurs, passed away at Rochester on Saturday morning.-(Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

GERMAN SHIP TO SEARCH BRITISH VESSELS.



The German liner Ural, which at the beginning of the war in the Far East was bought by the Tsar's Government for service with the Russian "volunteer" fleet. The Ural approached the P. and O. steamer Syria near St. Vincent on the 17th Inst. in search of contraband of war.-(Photograph taken by an officer on board the Syria.)

BELLE OF THE LAUNDRIES.



Miss Esther Benson, winner of the beauty prize at Spiera and Pond's laundry girls' outing - at Epping Forest on Saturday.



*Other Small Advertisements appear on page 16*



## BESIEGED IN LONDON.

L.C.C. Improvements Cause Piti-  
able Distress Round Aldwych.

Whatever the ultimate glories of Kingsway and Aldwych, the great thoroughfares now being built between the Strand and Holborn, may be, in making them the London County Council is causing pitiable distress among the tradesmen of the affected district and the inhabitants of the streets yet to be pulled down. On all hands from the Strand to

Holborn the County Council is execrated. Large numbers of the tradesmen on the boundaries of the improvements are on the verge of bankruptcy.

In many cases they are hemmed in by earth-works, so that it is an enterprise of great hardship to get to their shops. In every case their business has terribly diminished through the great exodus of people from the streets that have been razed to the ground.

Said a tradesman in Great Queen-street on Saturday to a *Mirror* representative, "My business has fallen off quite 75 per cent. since the County Council began Kingsway. The Council told us that we should only be hemmed in as we are for about two months, but a year has passed and there is no

opening up of the streets again." A very strange state of affairs exists in the streets that are only partially pulled down. Sardinia-street, Vere-street, Stanhope-street, are like parts of a beleaguered city. The inhabitants are actually in a state of siege with the County Council officials in active war against them.

With the exception of the houses that have occupants every street-door is packed, and the house-owners who do not want to leave because they have nowhere to go are actually afraid to leave their houses for fear they may find themselves locked out on their return.

Dr. Ryan, of Drury-lane, said he knew of a case where a woman whose babe was lying ill was forced to leave it to a doctor. Many such cases were

found by the *Mirror* representative. All the inhabitants are weekly tenants, liable to notice at any moment. On Saturday one family in Sardinia-street were just starting on a daily search for new rooms.

"We've got to get out whether we've anywhere to go or not," said the mother of the family. "If we don't we shall come home some day and find the door padlocked and only opened to us to take our furniture away. It's impossible to get rooms. The County Council want 10s. a week for two rooms that are simply cupboards, while for the two fine, large rooms we are turned out of we are only paying 6s. 6d."

Photographs illustrating the situation appear on page 9.

## LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

## CHAPTER XVIII. (continued).

"Your wife?" cried Juliet, with wide, open, frightened eyes and crimson cheeks, "your wife? Why—oh, no, Mr. Gramphorn, you know it is impossible, you are jesting; please let go of my hand, please—"

"My wife," repeated Gramphorn, still holding her hand as though in a vice. "I love you, Juliet. I have loved you for a long time. It is through you that my engagement to Lady Dorothy was broken off. I did not love her; there was no question of love between us. It was a political and social alliance. But I would have married her, and have never told you of this if her father had not broken off the match. You know why he broke it off. Because I bought the Pantheon Theatre for you. I am free, free to marry you now; Juliet, you must be my wife." He looked her hand, and his strong face was illumined with a new light. Men had often seen it lit with the glow of patriotism, but until that hour no woman had ever seen the fire of love in his eyes. The strong man had at last been conquered.

"It is impossible," Juliet cried. "Oh, why have you asked me this? You have done so much for me. I owe you so much, and I can repay you nothing, and she buried her face in her hands."

"You do not think I have tried to buy you?" he answered sternly. "When I purchased the Pantheon Theatre, I was engaged to Lady Dorothy, and no word of this would ever have passed my lips. Your answer will make no difference to you. I have left the Pantheon Theatre to you in my will, and I shall not alter it."

"You are too good to me," murmured Juliet in an agony of shame. "I cannot bear it. I have nothing to repay you with. I love another man. I am engaged to Mr. George Stanyon. You are free, but I am bound. I cannot marry you."

Gramphorn came close to her, and looked gravely at her face. His keen eyes read the truth. She loved Stanyon with all her heart and soul, and he, Gramphorn, could tell her something about the young engineer which would almost break her heart. For one moment he hesitated. It was right that she should know. He grew very pale, and the words were on his lips. In finance or diplomacy John Gramphorn spared no one; but he was new to love, and looked at it from a higher standpoint. He loved this woman, and in the end his love prevailed. He resolved to keep silent. He would spare her the truth. He could not, even for his own ends, strike so cruel a blow at the woman he loved. Of all the struggles John Gramphorn had ever entered on in his life, this was the shortest and the most severe, and the victory was the most veritable triumph of a great and a strong man.

"Good-bye, Miss Aumerle," he said quietly; "forget all that I have said. It will make no difference between us. Perhaps some day you may change your mind. I leave for Mashagweland this week. If I do not return, and men say hard things of me, try and think of me kindly, and always remember that I love you."

He held out his strong, firm hand, and she grasped it almost passionately.

"Good-bye, Mr. Gramphorn," she replied; "you are a great man, and too far above me for anything but respect and admiration."

Then, with a sudden impulse, she bent her head over his hand and kissed it, as though he were a

king. And yet she did not know how great he had really been.

Gramphorn left the room without another word, and Juliet flung herself on the sofa and sobbed bitterly, not for herself, but for the man whom she had persuaded to go out to almost certain death.

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CHAPTER XIX. Waiting for Death.  
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"We shall win through, Harry."

"Aye, possibly, but damn the devil who got us into this hole."

The two speakers lay side by side behind a rude earthwork, crowned with a fence of prickly pear. Some degrees above the horizon the round moon shone like a globe of white fire in a dark blue sky. They lay flat on the hard ground, and gripped their rifles in their hands. Dotted about at fixed intervals in a circle of fortifications lay others of their comrades, every man with his eyes and ears alert and with a loaded rifle by his side. Here and there a rude embrasure had been scraped out of the yellow sand, and the gaunt ugliness of a naked Maxim shone with a dull glitter in the moonlight. Far off, in a wide circle round the horizon, glowed countless yellow specks of flame, and the low drone of voices and the rattle of drums stole through the stillness of the night.

The two young men were typical of a race which has wrested land from every quarter of the earth. Lean, broad-shouldered, stalwart; and each with a past that he had thrust behind him, and a future that rose to heaven, like a city of sun-kissed spires; pioneers of civilisation, with strong hands and strong hearts.

"It's an ugly business," said Jack Tarporley, as he scanned the wide, smooth plain, "but we'll win, though." He spoke with a cheery patriotism. He was the younger son of a great family, and had, until recently, achieved nothing but the spending of money. Mashagweland had made a new man of him.

"It will be as much as we can do," said his companion, Harry Stirling, a broken-down horse-dealer, whose half-crazy father was even then crouching over a small fire in a dingy bed sitting-room in Bloomsbury, and waiting, day after day, for news of his wandering child. "It'll be as much as we can do. Here we are, a hundred miles from Corbaio, cut off absolutely from our only hope—the sea."

"Five hundred of us," growled Tarporley, "well armed, provisioned for months, and with fortifications of a sort. We can hold out till help comes. We ought to be a match for every damned nigger in the country. News of this is in England by now. The Government will move, land troops at Corbaio, seize the country, and then—hooray for old England, there's another Colony, and we, you and I and the rest of us, Harry, are the men who have won it. We shan't be forgotten."

"Aye," replied Stirling; "we'll be forgotten or dead. We are only tools, Tarporley, that are broken or laid aside. Can't you see the whole thing was a damned plant from first to last? I'll bet it was Government money that sent us out here, and sent out the rifles and Maxims—do you remember how we laughed the day they arrived—and I'll wager that the Government got up this trouble with the natives. You've heard of Lord Lothbury? He's a deep 'un, and he's playing for big stakes, and he don't care what this game costs in money or lives. Then there's Gramphorn. I bet he's a finger in the pie; but if he was a man, he'd be out here."

"He can do better in England," replied Tarporley; "he's one of our few great men. And if the Government did send us out here I have every reason to thank them. It's made a man of me, and I've longed for fighting ever since I was a boy. By the bye, doesn't it seem to you that that damned noise is getting a bit louder. I expect we'll have work before morning." They both lapsed into silence and listened attentively. The drone of voices and the noise of drums grew louder and louder. Then it suddenly ceased, and the night was absolutely still. A few minutes afterwards the circle of yellow specks on the horizon grew dim, and finally died away into the darkness. Tarporley looked up at the moon, which was rapidly sinking down into the west.

"They are moving on us," he murmured, "and it'll be dark in half an hour. I don't mind them in the light, but the darkness—ugh! they'll hear the swarms of rats over us. Ah, I thought so, someone has decided to rose the camp."

There were already faint signs of movement within the line of ramparts. Men, yawning and half asleep, emerged from their huts and tents, rifles in hand, and in less than a quarter of an hour the whole place hummed like a beehive. Oaths were heard on every side. There had been many false alarms during these last few days of suspense.

At the first sign of trouble the English colonists had combined, formed a committee of defence, and had elected a leader. The arrival of the Winifreda had prepared them for some disturbance, for no seeds of civilisation, and no cartridges to peaceful farmers without a good cause. Then one day a deputation of the chiefs had called on them and intimated that they had better clear out of the country before another moon had elapsed. They argued matters peacefully for a fortnight, during which time every man had withdrawn from his own farm into the camp. The site had been chosen by an ex-captain of Royal Engineers, and he had fortified it as best he could with the scanty material at his disposal. It was situated in the midst of an open plain, with no cover for an enemy within five miles of it.

Then, to use a newspaper phrase, "diplomatic relations were broken off," and a state of war was declared. The camp was well supplied with water. They had food for eight months and tons of ammunition, and, given ordinary luck, were in a position to stand a long and wearying siege.

At last the moon sank below the horizon, and a velvety darkness overspread the whole land. Men lay on the earthworks and gripped their rifles, and listened and waited, as they had done many times before, for the enemy that never came. The natives had adopted Fabian tactics. Even their uneducated minds had realised how suspense tells on the nerves of fighting men.

The buzz of preparation had died away in the camp, and the silence was only broken by the low murmur of voices and an occasional click as a man tested the breach action of his rifle. Tarporley and Stirling still lay side by side, the former keen as a terrier for a fight, the latter spry as a bulldog, but game in every inch of his spare, weather-beaten frame. They neither of them spoke, but peered hard into the darkness, every sense alert to detect the slightest sound or movement on the plain.

Then suddenly Tarporley touched his companion's arm.

"I hear something," he whispered. The other man held his breath and listened. A faint sound came from the darkness beyond, as though something were being dragged slowly and painfully along the ground.

"Who goes there?" cried Stirling. A movement ran through the bushes at the end of his and his hand to the shoulder of the man who held it. One, younger and more nervous than his companions, fired blindly into the darkness. The flash showed a small patch of green plain outside the earthworks

and the body of a man lying full length on the ground.

"A shot like that has caused destruction to an army before now," growled Tarporley.

"Who goes there?" cried another voice; "answer, or we fire!"

"An Englishman," came the reply from the darkness; "just keep your damned rifles from going off, if you can."

Someone struck a wax match, but it was dashed out by another's hand. Then a man stumbled up the earthwork, came volubly at the thorns of the prickly pear, and blundered over the arms and shoulders of Tarporley.

"Who are you?" cried half a dozen voices simultaneously, "and where the hell have you come from?"

"Who is your leader?" came the quiet reply. "Captain Benthall."

"I want to see Captain Benthall," came the answer, still from the darkness. No one dared to strike a light, and the situation was most tantalising to the men who constituted the audience.

"Who are you?" asked Stirling roughly.

"I have come from Corbaio," was the reply; "crawled through the niggers' lines. Fetch Captain Benthall."

"You be damned," came the decisive answer; "just lie down. I reckon you are in time for the fun, and you—"

The words died on Stirling's lips, for a sound like the sighing of a fire had risen from the dark plain. It swelled like an advancing storm, gradually defining itself into the tramp and swish of thousands of feet through the grass land. Then there came the clink of steel, the roll of drums, and then, drowning all in its clamour, a wild yell that seemed to burst from the throats of ten thousand fiends.

Before it had died away five hundred tiny points of flame spurted out into the darkness and the simultaneous crash of the rifles seemed to tear the atmosphere into fragments. A second later there was another circle of flashes, and another deafening crash. And then again and again the rifles spoke their message of death.

Then there came a noise which drowned all the shrieks and clamour of the night, the continuous rattle of the Maxims pouring out their stream of lead into the darkness.

"This is hell let loose," growled Stirling, as he refilled the magazine of his rifle. "I only hope we are hitting something. I haven't seen any of them yet, but, by God, how they screech!"

But during the next five minutes Stirling was destined to see more of them than he cared for. At first they came singly, like stray leaves before a gale, and were whirled back from the mouths of the rifles. Then they came in twos and threes, and sank to the ground screaming in the agonies of death. Then long lines of them came, like waves beating on the shore, and the Maxims threw them back in long crests of bloody foam. Then the full tide poured down with all its strength, thousands upon thousands of naked savages, drunk with the frenzy of blood, yelling, slashing, leaping, dying, as though life were nothing, and they were no more than the beasts that perish.

The little band of colonists literally blew them back from the fortifications, but they came again and again, and each time the voices of the guns grew fainter, as the line of rifles was weeded out by death.

Tarporley, smoke-blackened and bleeding, knelt on one knee and waited with clubbed rifle for what next might come from the darkness.

"Light, for God's sake," he cried hysterically. "I can't stand it, Stirling!"

But Stirling did not answer him. He lay face downwards with a spear driven clean through his body. Tarporley gave one glance, and then the wave of human devils rolled once more up to the earthworks.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

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No copper fire; very little rubbing—half the labour of washday saved and half the wear on the clothes.

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# THE POISON ROMANCE OF THE CENTURY.

## STRANGE PARALLEL TO THE MAYBRICK CASE.

### STORY OF MADELEINE SMITH

In the course of our account of the Maybrick case that of Madeleine Smith, also an arsenical poisoning mystery, has been several times referred to.

The two trials had much in common. In each the accused person was a woman. In each the alleged motive was a love motive.

Numbers of readers of "Was Florence Maybrick Guilty?" have had their interest aroused by the passing references to the case of Madeleine Smith, and in answer to many requests we have decided to retell the story of the earlier trial.

Madeleine Smith was tried in the year 1857 at the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh for the murder of her lover, Emile L'Angelier, a poor clerk in Glasgow. L'Angelier had certainly died of arsenical poisoning, no less than eighty-eight grains being found in his body at the post-mortem.

The motive alleged against Madeleine Smith was that she had compromised herself seriously with L'Angelier, but had wished to secure her position in life by marriage with a rich Glasgow merchant, whose suit was favoured by her family.

L'Angelier refused to give her up or to return her letters, which he threatened to show to her father.

Shortly afterwards he died in suspicious circumstances, and it was assumed that Madeleine Smith had caused his death.

### CHAPTER I.

A Pretty and Popular Girl, Well-known in Glasgow and Edinburgh Society—Arrested on the Charge of Having Poisoned Her Lover—Her Passionate Letters—She Desires to Marry a Rich Man.

The main facts of the trial of Madeleine Smith, which has always been regarded as the most interesting, enthralling, and puzzling trial known in the records of Scottish law, are simple and uneasy to understand.

The youth and extraordinary beauty of the prisoner added very considerably to the interest of the trial. She was barely eighteen years of age when she was charged with a crime which, if she committed it at all, must have been committed after unusual deliberation.

She was well known in middle-class circles, both in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and had there produced an exceedingly good impression.

She was educated at a boarding school in Clapton, and those of her schoolmates who survive record, always with apparent pleasure, how she was quite the prettiest girl in the school, and was loved for her goodness of heart and unfailingly generous disposition.

In after life, long after her trial, she was well known in London, and inspired great affection among those who knew her.

#### A HELPFUL WOMAN.

Those who knew her in after years always regarded her as a nice, wise, tolerant, helpful, and industrious old lady. She never refused to sacrifice herself. She was always willing to give good and friendly advice, and if any of her colleagues in the social work to which she devoted a good deal of attention found her task heavy on her hands, she would help with the utmost unselfishness.

It is also recorded of her that she was exceedingly kind to girls. That cannot be regarded as other than a good trait in a middle-aged woman.

If she were guilty of the crime with which she was charged, it is almost impossible to understand how she came to live so beautiful a life in her later years.

Yet when it was known that she had been apprehended at the age of eighteen the circumstances which came before the public caused people to shake their heads and doubt whether the charge was not true.

The evidence asserted the most deliberate premeditation, and every species of absurd report was in circulation. The stories also were exaggerated as they passed from mouth to mouth.

The fact that the young lady herself and the gentleman who was about to marry her were well known in Glasgow society, and what is more important, in Edinburgh society, added considerably to the public interest.

Mr. Minnock, who wished to marry her, was a rich Glasgow merchant, and showed himself in

the persistence of his affection at least as devout a lover as Emile L'Angelier.

On June 30, 1857, the trial opened. The Justiciary Court in Parliament-square, Edinburgh, was besieged long before the doors were opened by an eager and argumentative crowd. At eight o'clock all those portions of the court reserved for the general public were filled.

Each door was guarded by one policeman on the inside and by another on the outside. The large number of court officials in glittering uniform added very much to the picturesqueness and excitement of the trial, but it was Madeleine Smith on whom every eye was fixed. According to one spectator, she entered the court and took her seat with as much nonchalance and self-reliance as if she had been entering a concert room.

#### HER PLUCKY BEARING.

Strangely enough, another spectator, who recorded his impressions of the trial, said that she entered the dock proudly, as if it had been a ball-room.

Her plucky demeanour gained her much sympathy. She never once gave way; and only when her singularly impassioned letters were read aloud in court did she show the slightest sign of discomposure.

One observer reports that her calm and placid demeanour caused no small amount of speculation and dispute. Many people contended that it was of the proof of her innocence, but others who believed her guilty, maintained keenly that her quietness was conclusive of her guilt, and perfectly in keeping with the character that counsel for the prosecution gave her.

Mr. John Morison, an advocate who published a report of the trial, says that as it proceeded, and the different parts of her strange, and story were one by one discussed, the public excitement kept on increasing. The case had so much of mystery and wild romance in it that one wondered whether the whole thing were not a dream.

#### IN WARMER CLIMES.

"No doubt," continues Mr. Morison, "we have heard of such tragedies occurring in warmer climates where love leads to madness, and madness to crime; but in this country, at any rate, the story was without a parallel."

Mr. Morison also adds that the feeling of the public ran strongly in her favour—a fact which was afterwards clearly shown by the applause with which the address of her advocate, Mr. Inglis—who subsequently became Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland—was received, and also the applause with which the jury's verdict was greeted.

This feeling arose partly from the very prevalent idea that there was a hitch in the case for the prosecution. It was partly due to the sympathy for her youth, her appearance, and her position in society created, and partly to contempt for the conduct of the man whom she was accused of murdering. So prevalent was this last feeling that one frequently heard the remark, "Well, if she did not poison him she ought to have done it."

The evidence for the prosecution and defence occupied six days. On the seventh the Lord Advocate proceeded to address the jury. He discharged his painful duty in a manner which reflected the greatest credit both on his forensic ability and on his humanity.

His speech, we are told, was a masterly synthesis of the evidence, examining every point closely, and the skill with which he examined every theory that could possibly be advanced by the defence was remarkable. At the same time, he spoke in a temperate and dispassionate manner.

#### THE COMPROMISING LETTERS.

Speaking of the letters, which form perhaps the chief interest in the case, he quoted one in which she said, "I have put on paper what I should not," and his remark was: "Doubtless, poor creature, she had done so, and we cannot see throughout this unhappy history of the gradual downward progress of an ill-regulated mind—one cannot see it without feeling, what I am sure I feel from the bottom of my heart, the deepest commiseration. Doubtless L'Angelier had abused his opportunities in a way in which no man of honour ought to have done. He had stolen into that family and destroyed their peace for ever. And, gentlemen, my learned friend cannot say anything in that direction too strong; but still the fact remains, that she put on paper what she should not: 'I was free because I loved you with my heart. If he, or any other one, saw those fond letters, what would he be said of me?'"

Again he quoted from one of the letters: "There is no one I love. My love has always been given to you. My heart is empty, cold—I am unloved. I am despaired. I told you I had ceased to love you—it was true."

A Lord Advocate said that he believed every one of these assertions, and that was the real foundation of all that happened.

Again, Mr. Moncrieff said:—"I never in my life had so harrowing a task as raking up and bringing before such a tribunal and such an audience as this the outpourings of such a despairing spirit in such a position as the miserable girl found herself. To have her words, which she wrote in confidence, thus brought under public notice in any circumstances would be an intolerable agony; but the circumstances of the case throw all such considerations fairly into the shade, and if they for a moment obtrude themselves—as obtrude they must—they must be repelled; for our duty is a stern one and must be discharged. And passing from this for one moment, let me take in some of the surrounding circumstances and see what they are. L'Angelier, whatever were his faults, was certainly

true to her. He spoke to one of his friends about her; he said that, in fact, his attachment was an infatuation, and would be his death. It was not revenge he wanted—he wanted his wife. That is quite clear; and he plainly told her that he would not permit his engagement to be broken, and that he would put these letters into her father's hands."

#### WERE THEY MARRIED?

Another curious circumstance in this trial is that it is still doubtful whether L'Angelier and Madeleine Smith were not actually man and wife, according to the procedure of Scotch law.

Madeleine Smith was certainly in the habit of addressing L'Angelier as her husband, but it is quite certain from the letters that she did not consider herself properly married to him. The terms they were on are indicated by a letter which we give below. It is quite evident that this was written at the time when L'Angelier had become aware that Madeleine's parents desired her to marry Minnock.

My very dearest Emile,—Your note of Friday pained me very much. I was sorry if you were put to any inconvenience by returning at ten o'clock to see if your letter remained there. . . I kept for hours after I received your letter, and this day I have been sad, yes, very sad. My Emile, I love you, and you only. I have tried to assure you no other one has a place in my heart. It was Minnock that was at the concert with me. You see I would not hide that from you. Emile, he is P's [papa's] friend, and I know he will have him at the house. But need you mind that when I have told you I have no regard for him? It is only you, my Emile, that I love—you would not mind public report. You know I am your wife, and that we shall shortly be united—so, Emile, it matters not. I promised you I should be seen as little in public with him as I could. I have avoided him at all times. But I could not on Wednesday night, so, sweet love, be reasonable. I love you, is not that enough?

#### THE MAKINGS OF TRAGEDY.

Here, then, we find all the essential elements of tragedy—such tragedy as provides the greatest poets with their themes. This young girl, brilliant, beautiful, admired—which is greatly in her favour—by girls of her own age and by men, but utterly inexperienced in the ways of the world, meets Emile L'Angelier, a Jersey man, but French in his notions of love. Then ensues what Mr. Henley so admirably describes as

That great duel of sex, that ancient strife Which is the very central fact of life.

The girl yields to her impulses. L'Angelier behaves in such a fashion as to give point to the obiter dictum of a Judge who lately presided over the Divorce Court, that no man ever marries a woman unless he needs to.

Madeleine Smith, filled with the anxiety natural to a woman to provide a home for herself, listens to and perhaps partially accepts the proposals of a rich merchant.

No uncharitable judgment should be passed on her for having done so. L'Angelier was poor and unstable. The girl must have formed her own opinion of his character, but where love intervenes character counts for very little. At the same time she must have known that the intrigue into which she had allowed herself to drift could not last for ever.

#### FAMILY INTEREST.

In the circumstances we cannot wonder that Madeleine Smith resolved to break off all intercourse with her lover. Not only did her own perfectly legitimate ideas of self-interest prompt her to do so, but she was influenced by what is always, after all, the strongest force in a girl's life—the family.

L'Angelier, who had been behaving as badly as a man can—in a fashion indeed which merited the severest strictures that were passed on his conduct—was suddenly inflamed by jealousy, and under the impulse of that passion determined to behave well. This is one of the paradoxes of life which the case reveals: a man who had been behaving badly to a girl is moved by an evil passion to treat her properly.

But by this time Madeleine had not only realised her lover's character, but had come to the conclusion that it was high time for her to sacrifice to pass her later years—every woman considers that her later years begin with her twenty-first birthday—in comfort and quiet.

#### A COWARDLY THREAT.

L'Angelier then made the infamous and cowardly threat that he would show her letters to her father. Madeleine Smith therefore resumed the friendliness of tone which had characterised the early part of the correspondence, but her letters after the first break with her lover sound perfunctory and insincere.

Shortly afterwards Emile L'Angelier died under circumstances which leave no doubt that he had either taken poison or the poison had been administered to him.

In a future article we shall examine the analogies between this case and that of Mrs. Maybrick. These analogies are more than striking. According to the Scotch law a prisoner whose guilt is not established or who fails to prove innocence of the crime alleged may be discharged on a verdict of Not Proven.

This happened to Madeleine Smith, and the wisdom of such a verdict is demonstrated by the fact that after her release she lived a worthy, helpful, and we may go so far as to say, a beautiful life.

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

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